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S. M. USTINOV

NOTES OF
THE CHIEF OF
COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE

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INSTEAD OF FOREWORD.

The sun set majestically over the sea. Fuck him last ray. Gryanul
cannon shot. The quiet sea vmfet® with the fading sky is quickly
clouded over by the approaching darkness. In the bays, the Black
Sea squadron hidden in it is quiet and as if dozing. The shadows are
thickening and gradually the darkness will cover the whole of
Sevastopol. Vefa lights are covered with dark lampshades. The windows
are lit up, the lanterns are extinguished, and they even light up
cigarettes with apprehension - covering the windshield with their
hands ... Somewhere far away, in the morph, go "Goeben" and, like a
non-drowsy enemy, guards the victim.

I am sitting on a stone by the very sea. In front of me is the
same captivating nature with its beauties, giving me one of the best
views without a bordering sea. Like a wonderful accompaniment,
military music reaches me from Primorkago Boulevard. All around is so
quiet and good. But in my mind there are already former enthusiastic
feelings, former inspiration ... All the charm of nature, all the
illuminating beauty of the sea, all the enchanting music no longer
delighted me, did not awaken sweet memories, - did not give birth to
magical dreams and dreams, did not give no former happiness,
not even quiet peace ... Everything went somewhere in the distant prop-

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loes, shrouded in the horror of the world war. For more than a year now, a war of unprecedented destruction and horror has been going on. Vey Europe was shaken by the blows of a thunderstorm, and the whole former life of peaceful labor, of the dead, experiences, interest and fun - omniliated by the bloody events of universal destruction.

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It's so quiet all around, so good! But under the veil of darkness, the Black Sea squadron is preparing to go to sea. Black smoke mubia makes armadillo trumpets and spreads across the sea. On web ships, life is in full swing, hard work is going on. Gam, in the silence of the night, fighters for the homeland, for the glorious king, for the great power, gathered. They are preparing for battle and it is easy to go into the unfamiliar sea, where every minute they are guarded by a terrible death. Vfrnye sons of their homeland! You have understood your doag, you have found within yourself the strength to forget yourself for the glory of the great Rosai. What strength is in you, what spirit. You create a great dflo, you are all great heroes!

How my soul is torn after you, there, in the Black Sea, how I want to be with you, the majestic chosen ones of the Russian land: How proud each of you can be - see all Rosaya in you, put on you, your defenders, all your hopes, all your dreams and give your best

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Love. The Lord is with you, my dear brothers. Yes

God keep you there, in the distant sea, in the same battle, and yes, help you save your life or find a death worthy of a glorious hero!

So I thought, with sadness and toekoy seeing off the squadron majestically leaving for the sea. I was ashamed to hide in safety and remain an unparticipated spectator of other people's exploits.

No, no, I must, I want to be you, I also want to fulfill my duty and honestly share your fate with you! I can also give

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, his life for the king and the Fatherland. I is also russian
and I'm proud too! 4
,O. evyaty feelings! Damn impulses! . I went to
the Historical Boulevard and wandered for a long time
among the silent monuments of the great epoch. Before me stretched the
ruined bastions, the remnants
of the loopholes. Zdes thousands of Russian sons, defending the
fatherland, found a glorious death. It seemed to me that I
see these heroes, I see them under the whip, so exalted by Dew!
They were mad to die and knew what they were dying for! I was drawn
to the monument to Nakhimov. I
wanted to take another look at this hero, who embodied
in himself the fearlessness and boundless love and devotion of the
Rodina. For a long time I looked with delight at his proud statue, which
seemed to harbor the spirit of a deathless hero. Great hero!

And again it irresistibly pulled me to where thousands of
Russians were going, to where my duty called me, to go with arms
in hand to defend my homeland, to fulfill what was due to every citizen
of a great power - Russia!

And only sometimes, suddenly, like a gust of the next day,
as if accidentally plucked from the nearest rock, a momentary doubt
came over me: how, to leave everything, everything that has lived so far?
Neglect your own comforts, pleasures, depersonalize yourself, give up
your will, independence and become a silent donut, an atom of the
great and immense, one unit of a million arms. Overcome your pride
and endure insults, injustice and even insults with a hoarse
resilience. Will I be able to endure the cross of such heavy trials.
Will not my spirit be disturbed, and will not repentance torment
me? Am I wasting my life in vain? No, ayu

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boy to your homeland, vfor to Russia, 'knowing how long and
readiness for self-sacrifice inspires an animal feeling of fear
and selfishness. Higher feelings dispel doubt. The spirit triumphs
over the base instincts of animal egoism and finally

ukr\$payayet matured solution. It's over. I'm going to the front.

Quietly, but clearly, the ekayanki chimed in the silence.

For a moment everything seemed to freeze in a solemn

silence and suddenly a thousand voices sang the evening prayer. Pfl
is far away, on the other side of the bay, in a Faotian carriage, but
every word of the Lord's Prayer was heard.

Our Father, Thou art in heaven! May Thy name be evyatiteya ...
Thy will be done!

I raised my eyes to the sky and with a howling chvet vom vBry
repeated the words of the prayer: "Thy will be done! May Thy will
be done!" And suddenly saezes of some new, unknown bliss gushed
out of my eyes, and it felt so good, so easy on my soul. May Your will be
done!

Early in the morning, after an almost zero-season night, but
cheerful and cheerful, I was already a reality. at the head of a warrior.
A very nice and charming colonel ayu mocked me in his office and,
apparently. I was very surprised to learn about the purpose of my
contribution. He doesn't want to say that I, a notartus, am a person with an
independent status and freed from military service. I seriously want to
volunteer as a simple soldier. He tried to dissuade me in my
insufficiently, according to his opinion, thoughtful rfshensh, warning me
about all the difficulties of military service and the irrevocable
decision made. I told him that I knew everything. I've thought about
everything, but I can't do anything else.

Poakovnik asked me for a very long time about

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my life, as if wanting to get to know me better and understand the
reasons for making me accept such a decision. It all seemed
impossible to him to describe him simply as one of my desires. He
walked me sadly to the exit, shook my hand in a sensible way, and in
his eyes I read so many attitudes that I was still convinced that my
decision was right. His sympathy touched me, but did not embarrass me.

On that whole day, I felt surprisingly cheerful, but strange ...
I was afraid to admit even to my friends that tomorrow I would be
a simple soldier ...

I spent the evening at my party noisily and cheerfully, but it
seemed to me that I was present at my own funeral. What will everyone
think when they find out that I am a simple soldier. Wouldn't this put an
insurmountable barrier between us? Will they also receive me, will
society not recoil from me, will these gentlemen recognize me in a
soldier's overcoat. Bayuya disappointing me to blow? How will they
open

my eyes on all the falsity of human relations. I already understood and foresaw a lot.

The next day, at 6 o'clock in the morning, I had to be with a military commander in order to receive in front of him a letter for a trade union in Simferopol in a hot soldered regiment. I dressed as simply as possible, in high boots, in a shirt with a sash and an old coat, so that, if possible, I would not stand out from the crowd into which I joined. I limited myself to the most insignificant luggage, having refrained from giving up many of my bourgeois habits in order to get used to the conditions of the new

life and its deprivations.

In the dark back room of the military commander, about me, five more people gathered, also

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sent to the spare room. We have been waiting in silence for more than an hour, without even thinking to ask how long we still have to wait. Yes, and did we eat eprahival, to worry, to ask. Doesn't it matter? The Drama were supposed to think and worry for us. After the complete freedom that I always enjoyed, and the responsibility associated with it, it was somehow even calm in my heart, realizing that with a little more free will, part of my responsibility had also subsided, and that all my life was no longer hanging over me, but will walk along a certain knee, from which it is difficult to dislocate.

Finally, the clerk came out and made a transfer. We turned out to be on the face. The clerk took away the pile of documents prepared and carried them to the military commander. I realized that now my sentence would be signed, definitively resolving my life. Indeed, soon a yelling boss came out.

Settle! he shouted, taking one document out of the bundle and holding it out to the mnf. - You will be the senior. Here is a prednisane and letter for 6 people. You will go to Simferopol with a nine-hour office and appear at the Headquarters of the 33rd soldered regiment.

He lingered for a while, as if not knowing what else to say. Then, trying not to quarrel with my gaze, somehow hesitantly added: "Well, God bless!" and quickly left.

The appeal to the mnf to "you" of the cheaovfka, who only yesterday had been so eloquently learned about me, was, as it were, my military baptism. It was somehow strange to me, but I did not find anything offensive in this. I understood that the military chief, to be

maybe he was deliberately official with me, who needed it, wanting to immediately show the mnf all the severity of the military dietsilina, not

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giving exception. This is a true story of a kind of tact, worked out by a long military service. For warrior. I was no longer a notorious boss, I became in his eyes a number in a row of millions of others of the same number. And so, of course, it was better for me, since it would be silly and extremely embarrassing to create my own in the company, like a notartus. I became a coadatom and, of course, could only demand that legal attitude towards a soldier, as foreseen in the military regulations.

. got into the 8th company of the 88th soldered ifhot regiment. Our company was posted to the outskirts of the city at the Abrikosov factory. The whole huge factory outbuilding was turned into barracks. I came to the company office at the time when the company was in class. From conversations with the clerk while waiting for the arrival of the company commander, I learned that the company commander - lieutenant I - is a very horopy person and that in general all the people are horopy. The company has already received the title of marching company, since it has completed its six-week training and will soon be sent to the front.

Soon I heard the company's pfne with cries and exclamations. My heart skipped a beat. The company entered the yard, dispersed, and then, in command, dispersed around the yard and around the barracks. The office was filled with incoming platoons, sergeant majors and officers, receiving various orders. At the end, the company commander also came. Having asked me and found out that I was a notartus and acted as a volunteer, he was apparently very surprised. He repeated several times: "In the Buck, did you like it so much? It will be hard for you!"

By his order, the sergeant-major immediately took me to the captain, who was in uniform

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tossed me from head to toe in everything that was appropriate. Everything was a little long and wide, but in general everything was clean and new and could be worn. Only there was no boot on my foot and I had to stay in my own. ZatBm platoon offered MNF to take any free bed and, if I want. relax.

“And tomorrow you will go to study” - he added fork. And the company, and the sergeant major, and the platoon - ve

seemed very glorious. Vef, apparently, tried to "calm me down", although I did not suffer anymore, but felt myself perfectly well. Obfdal I vmBstB seo vefmi. I was afraid that I would come to eat from the common dishes and did not know if I could manage to overcome my innate disgust, but fortunately, each imfly tin cup and his own spoon. Borsch with bacon and barley porridge, perhaps. because I was hungry, they seemed very tasty to me and I was completely calm. In general, the more I got used to the new situation, tfm more everything seemed to me not as terrible as I imagined. The service was hard and life was not sweet, but I immediately realized that if I were to take myself in hand and accurately and strictly and not fulfill with due conscientiousness all that required service and military detsililin, to serve not out of fear, but for conscientiousness, with full consciousness of my duty, then there is nothing terrible in military service. I justified both excessive severity and severe punishment. I realized that without this there can be no arm. In order to force people to go into battle on one order, they had to first be led through a harsh school. Earlier. completely ignorant of military service, I veem imfl completely wrong me!

1

After a long break and rest, the company again lined up to go to work. The platoon commander told me not to go, but I was so hotfly as a real soldier, to enter the general life of the company, that I myself asked for the permission to fly the vmfett from the vfmn. Mi was terribly hot to get a rifle. The platoon leader, giving me an indulgence, seeing my triumph and pride with which I mastered the heavy Russian rifle, the commander with a smile: "Still have time to get sick." But he was mistaken. I immediately fell in love with "my" rifle. I familiarized myself with her in all her details and the myth did not have to be memorized by her number 2387659. I remembered it for the rest of my life. I wore this rifle for five months and sent it only on the day I was promoted to ensign, when I received the right to wear an officer's saber as a soldier.

I was cheerfully in the ranks and easily supported the rifle. But, after walking a few steps, I spent the night carrying all its weight, and my hand began to go numb. We were engaged not far from the barracks, but at a high

a lump of hill, and I barely overcome its steepness, trying not to lose my balance and not to lower my rifles. But it's a habit. After that, already without any difficulties, I easily climbed the same hill and walked 15-20 turns without getting tired.

Since the company had already completed full training and was only repeating various exercises, at first I worked separately with a non-commissioned officer. It was the hardest. I quickly learned the turns and it was easy, but I did not manage to flatten the gun moves accurately, beautifully, and most importantly, easily. The rifle, which moved so lightly and gracefully in the hands of a non-commissioned officer, flared like a heavy and clumsy log when I took it. I tried my best, and the sweat poured down on me, but it didn't work out well.

"Well, rest a little," said the non-commissioned officer. "Little by little, you usually do."

And indeed, in a small way, "pryubyk". On the other hand, how pleasant it was to go down the hill and go to the barracks to rest under a cheerful, daring ifen. It was fun in my soul knowing that you had worked hard and had the right to a well-deserved rest. And with some apie titom I FI the same borscht with a huge edge of real soldier's black bread.

In the evening, after roll call, the company lined up for prayer. On command, the sun took off their caps and silently, harmoniously, reverently sifli prayers. And I, so rarely praying at all, even in the temple, not being able to concentrate, fervently praying that God would help me to faithfully isioanize my duty as an honest soldier before the Tsar and Father

honor.

This prayer, these feelings, ecstasy and tears, could someday be forgotten or osmyany by someone. Could love for Rodinf and the Tsar, the bearer of the idea of a great monarchy, be offended, suppressed by the dirty boot of the blackmailers of the revolutionaries, who raised their submissive hand to the Vean state, to its great arm, plucked out of it all the best and turned it into an unbridled gang of apostates, robbers and kill?

Rota dispersed to rest. Quiet and sad in the twilight of the barracks. Tired soldiers are stacked on their beds and only in some places can be heard talking in a whisper. After all the excitement I've experienced, new imprints and thoughts, I couldn't fall asleep for a long time. My sosfdom in bed was still a young soldier. He didn't sleep either, and we started talking. Oyan was an orphan. His name was Mikhail Rudoy. During the evacuation from the western province

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he left his dying father at home, but by; Dear \$ his old mother died. The young man was left alone and with a few rubles somehow got to Simferopol, where he could find his uncle, whom he had never seen and did not even know if he was alive. He did not find his uncle and, almost dying of hunger and exhaustion, went to volunteer. His whole dream was to pass the exam for the 4th grade and enter the ensign's school. He did not imagine himself above this happiness. The company commander took him to teach and allowed him sometimes not to go to company classes, but to prepare for the exam, and even provided him with some books. He's been around for three months now. Already twice with him, companies went to the front, but he was spared. After getting closer to him, I tried to willingly help him in his business and this, of course. deserved his deep gratitude.

He, like the other, was very surprised that. Having the right to go to a military school, I acted as a damned soldier.

"Why did you do this?" he interrogated me.

I explained my experiences to him as best I could.

"Well, what if they kill you?" he naively asked me.

, "What the fuck!" I could only answer.

But he was convinced that in my life there were some special dramatic reasons that made me seek my death. Trying to dissuade him from this, I gave him another, more understandable reason:

tour... I am writing... so I want to see everything with my own eyes, to experience, to re-feel for myself all the horrors of the war, in order to describe later... "But

he also attributed this with disbelief.

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I'm not menfe we were with him later, and we got along very well and often talked on various topics. He, apparently, fell in love with me, which was very pleasant, since I sincerely attached myself to him. I very soon got used to my position as a rank and file soldier. I bolfe or menfe got along with all the soldiers of my company. Many of them had to give various legal advice on their disputed land or inheritance issues, for many I wrote petitions, wills and letters, and with which, at the request of the platoon, I gave: without occupying the "literature", which was given to them. This, of course, to a certain extent explained the good attitude of the company. There was a lot of heavy, boring, but in general, from my stay in the mouth, I left a gratifying impression. I repeat that my representations about military service were much blasphemy of reality. Before entering the military service, I very often ate a shawl about the terrible production of military affairs in Russia. They talked a lot about the excessive harshness of the chiefs, about the notorious literature, which finally clogs the heads of eoldats, forcing them to cramming the Chinese letter without meaning, about all kinds of bullying over liminess, about scuffles, etc., etc. To the honor of our army (of course, the former) I can positively say that I didn't see anything like that. * True, the old career soldier, our sergeant major, who served two or three terms, told me that in peacetime it was a pound more difficult, that now the Ayudey is "sorry".

* If there were such cases, as "muzzle" in general, then, of course, these were only exceptions, and not a general rule, as an obligatory method of raising soldiers, and always remained a shameful act on the conscience of individual monsters who did not understand their duty and official honor. On the contrary, I

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perhaps because they are preparing them for a great sacrifice. Perhaps so, but he himself endured this service, fell in love with it and remained in this service beyond the term.

I was so busy with the company that when, after spending three weeks, our company went to the front, it was sad and hard for me to part with it. I asked permission! I go to the army with a company, but I was refused due to the fact that I had not yet completed the full course and had not yet come to strflb.

I remember how they solemnly equipped and saw off

pity the company. According to the order, several marching companies lined up on the parade ground. All the higher authorities were in the assembly. They served a prayer service, the regimental priest said to the priest. but a perceptible rhyme. The regiment commander also turned to the vefm with a brother skim word. Zatm on command, the companies stretched out into one endless column. Under the orchestra of music

, we went through the whole city to the station. Nas pro a crowd of people roared. Good wishes were heard from all sides, many hurrahs were shouted and hats were thrown into the air. But there were also many women and children who accompanied their husbands, brothers and fathers, saying goodbye to them, perhaps forever. I could hear them sobbing ... well, my heart involuntarily sank and tears welled up in my eyes ...

Oh, many, many tears and sacrifices, bring the great Rue people to the altar of ayubvi to the homeland! What did these tears give, what did these sacrifices give? Who and when will take upon himself the redemption of these sufferings?!

everyone watched the scorpion fatherly care for the soldiers. Of course, in such a difficult dfl as the creation of an exemplary disciplined aru! and could be missed! I, there were, like all other people, unworthy people or simply not smart enough, but nevertheless worthy principles were put at the basis of the education of a soldier,

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It was boring at nae in rotf poelf irovodov. There are only a few people left, with the former ones recently. I didn't go to work for a few days, I was engaged in literature and then somehow, without interest and more for show. Opuetflo. And all thoughts and feelings were with tfmi that are gone. Where, why? Who will return and will anyone return? Terrible questions that no one can answer.

A few days after the departure of our company, but by order of the regiment commander, I was appointed to be sent to the Odessa Military School. No matter how I explained to the company commander that I could enter the School right away and that if I went as a volunteer, it was precisely because I wanted to go to the front as a simple soldier - I didn't succeed in doing anything. .

I must admit that although the promise of life in the School was much better than the company barracks, it was much worse to live there. We had clean classrooms and dormitories, beddings, a good dining room, and so well-fed—but not everyone could withstand the junker's burden. Some were expelled as not doing well, or for various, in most cases minor, anti-division

linear deeds, but many themselves could not stand it and simply killed on the front. We are busy from 6 am to 10 pm. The only half-hour rest of the obfda ioslf, set according to the schedule, was not always successful, since it had to be used for the fact that they did not get the edflat for the day. Lekshchi, rehearsals, drills and practice are busy! I, deyazuretva day and night, maneuvers, etc., were so tiring that it was impossible to rest even after a short night of sleep. Along with the most serious demands, there was a digital series and petty ones, which looked like the so-called "mutitrovka." True,

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after all, it was necessary to prepare an officer in four months, for whom, very often, with a large loss of command personnel during the battle, he had to play responsible roles. But all the same, excessive drill robbed us of the last of our strength.

"So, we were kept for a month and a half without a vacation and were deprived of it for every wrong turn, uncalculated step, for a button that was accidentally buttoned, for a handkerchief sticking out of a coat pocket, etc. Yes, there was a lot of loss and submitting to an irresponsible one in order to humble his spirit, not to be indignant, not to object, and not to fly out of the School in no time. The second could not completely abandon his "I", take everything for granted, put up with everything, bring up in himself the spirit of complete unrequited submission to someone else's will, - he quickly dismissed and returned to the company. But what a reward awaited those who endured this experience. Eight years of the gymnasium

seemed not as heavy as the four months of the School. I remember the joyful preparations for the day of departure: better officer uniforms and equipment, loving each new accessory, choosing checkers, shoulder straps, etc. I again became a young man, happy and enthusiastic even more than on the day I graduated from the gymnasium! Already in a few days everything was ready for us and we proudly dressed up a new dress. And now, finally, the long-awaited day has arrived. We were all lined up on a military parade ground. Pr!Bhal Commander of the Odessa Military District, General Ebllov. Lo and behold, now we will be officers! A prayer service was celebrated and a ceremonial march began to pass. past Ebllov. And, finally, we heard for life imprinted in memory significant words

va: "Congratulations on your promotion to officers!"

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Happy moment! My nerves were tense for so long that when I felt that all the hard things had passed, that now I was in Beth with a soldier's overcoat, I would also throw away the burden that I had voluntarily taken upon myself, that all my trials had run out, that again I had become a human group, - I could not stand it and wept from happiness!

When we, already officers, were returning to the barracks, the general passed us right in front of us, but we no longer heard the usual command in such cases for us: "Quiet! Equal to the left! ", The company commander instead said: "Gentlemen officers! "And we silently walked on with dignity, but each of us felt how without course he had grown at that moment.

And what was it like in the schools when we were in a feverish, pompous stage to put on our heavy ammunition and dress in a brand new shiny uniform. Only in those happy minutes it was possible to once again experience everything that I had experienced since that day when the chief officer said to me for the first time, as a lower rank, "you".

Happiness makes a person good, kind, ready for everything high and good, and each of us was ready for any feat, longed to go to the front and die there for the glory of the ruckrieg eagle.

And how many such happy young men (. They joyfully bore their lives on the altar of the fatherland! How many of them died in a noble impulse with a consciousness of their duty. Peace be upon them, great heroes, honest sons of their fatherland, who faded without a trace in the flourishing of their forces! Let your names not go down in history, let the ungrateful offspring do not appreciate your sacrifice, let the blood that you have given not quench

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bloodthirsty bastard - you valiantly fulfilled your duty and died as heroes ... And where you went, there, in heaven, a well-deserved reward awaits you! And today, on the ruins of a bad war, when only evil triumphs everywhere, who can estimate these sacrifices? Aren't the monsters who shook our shrines and looted over your graves, the traitors who overthrew a great power into the abyss, the evildoers, plundered Russia on, plundered?! Are not our allies, whom you saved with the help of your own life and who turned away from Russia into

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hard year. Aren't the arbiters of destinies all | European peoples,
representatives of cultural Europe, the great creators of our League,
who, under the guise of a clever diplomat, shake hands with killers and
executioners, rob Rosa together with them, speculate on her death
and arrogantly imagine that they bring peace to the whole world? E:
Europe! You, old hypocrite, dukavaya saleswoman! In vain do you boast of
your culture, centuries of
civilization, the development of the humanities | It's not for you, sly
babf with vile intentions, with the greed of a corrupt Jewess for
someone else's gold, to talk about the highest truth and justice, about
culture and philanthropy! Nez myrtle vftv you carry MFP, but. _
betrayal and betrayal. You pzhet, representatives of world politics! You
cover yourself with lofty ideas, you cry out for international help for
the dying Russia, but we won't give you credit, we know your intentions.
You are looking for the death of Rosai, you are mocking the unfortunate
country! Didn't you create her molesters with your diabolical mind |

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Al

Bolsheviks. Didn't you betray her into the hands of your obedient
killers, didn't you tear her apart for four years,

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while holding the Bolsheviks, you plunder its treasures, take part in
a robbery with them and fill your pockets with stolen gold! Fullness!
Throw this mask of compassion and love to the perishing people!
Show off your teeth and hands! They are in your blood ... Vfd
you vmfet with the Bodsheviks torment the heart of the Russian
people, vmfetB you rule with them in a friendly way your bloody
feast pozly. We need the great Rosaya, and you are looking for carrion,
so that how the kites can descend on this carrion and feed on it for
many years.

Yes, I have endured a lot of suffering and endure more Russian
people! There are many tears and many sacrifices in the net of
the flow of suffering unfortunate people! But I believe that a lot of strength
is hidden in his nfdrah, his soul is deep, a powerful people can endure
everything, with the help of great suffering, he will atone for his
delusions and apostasy from God. Treasures laid in the depths of the
Russian soul cannot perish, cannot

to drown forever in the darkness of the night, a bright day will come, the day of the great rebirth, the day of his glorious victory over the spirit of evil! And leave the great people on the Euphyly path to the new kingdom!

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I went to the same 83rd reserve regiment and was appointed a platoon officer of the 2nd company. Despite all the conscientiousness with which I went to work at the mouth and at the Military School, despite all my desire to be a real officer and conscientiously fulfill my duty, I felt that I nevertheless came out as a "shatekim". As soon as I put on my officer's uniform and felt like a person with free will and carry the rights of the individual, I immediately became tfm the same as before military service. I can't relate to you

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to show that necessary firmness and firmness, which were required of me as an officer. Until recently, I myself was a soldier and experienced the brunt of severe discipline, my feelings were still so alive, so close to me was so close to me that I could not put an impassable line between myself and them. Very often I didn't know what to do, and there were obvious blunders. So, during the rounds, serving as the 8th company as a member of the sanitary commission of the VMF with one captain, I went with my former platoon. Seeing me, he literally ran across the whole yard, abandoning his team with which he was engaged, and joyfully said: "I wish you good health, your honor ... congratulations!" good friend. I began to ask him, how long has he been living at this time, when changes have taken place in his company. The platoon commander all the time stood stretched out, his hands at his sides, and answered in a military way: "That's right, I sincerely thank you" with the addition of "your blessing", which terribly stunned me. It was strange for me to feel in front of him, an experienced old soldier who probably knew the service more, than I, an officer who stood high above HIM as a subordination officer, when just four months ago he was my immediate superior, disposing of whom were law for me. And then not to mention, when we left the barracks, the captain suddenly put me on friendly terms, explaining that my position as an officer does not allow for projects or comradely relations with the lower rank, although I was still in my former position in relations with him.

shenyah. And therefore I should not stretch out my hands to him,
tm Bolfe, that it was before our eyes

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other soldiers. I was silent, because I understood that from the point of view of the general spirit of discipline, he was right, but how I could be with my recent spinner, although a soldier, only a strict and cold officer - I could not imagine myself.

Another time, when I was working as a child in a training team, I was a clerk! I unexpectedly called my fellow soldier Mikhail Rudy. He is so, poor, and did not get into the school of ensigns. The dream didn't come true. He did not master the wisdom of mathematics! But thanks to his modesty and humility, he joined the training team and was enrolled as a clerk, which saved him from the front and to a certain degree suited him. Seeing him, I already jerked my hand to say hello, but seeing how all the clerks and he himself were stretched out in front of me, I remembered that I was an officer, and he was lower in rank, and very awkwardly tried to disguise my involuntary gesture. However, I was very uneasy and I could not calm down for a long time, until, finally, I somehow sent him to the city and talked to him like a human being.

The fact that I was a "state" was soon obscured by my superiors. I was constantly assigned to the production of various services or to various commissions for sanitary, construction, examination, etc. And after I managed in a very original way to find 20 thousand missing from the treasurer of the regimental headquarters, who managed to leave this money on the window in the lavatory - I became, it seems, a permanent speaker with the release of company employees during the entire production of children.

And how much more I was engaged in dflos, more close to me in my specialty, than military art, darkness menfe I felt capable of military dflo and my initial dust and

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thirst for military exploits, somehow quietly faded away.

| At the beginning of May we moved to the camps. Since all the officers were ordered to settle in the camp with their platoons, I also set up a camp tent with one ensign, which I really liked.

I remember how good it was when, after the heat of the day, a dark, warm southern night set in, and when, lying in a tent, one could see the sky. arched with twinkling stars, and in the distance the dark contours of Mount Chatyr-Dag, or when hilly fields, mountains, camp, long rows of tents, everything, everything far around was flooded with moonlight and seemed mysterious and spiritualized.

Life in the camp was not without its interest. Most of the young officers were interested in working with the soldiers, and therefore they were treated kindly. The general cramped life in the constant society of the newly graduated officers, the community of interests, the relative freedom, the novelty of the situation - all this created a cheerful, cheerful, cheerful mood. Free evenings were spent in a large company in the public garden for music, theater, cinema, as well as in private houses. Many made acquaintances in the city, found "hobbies" and gave themselves to them with all the freshness of young forces. The young people were having fun, greedily grabbing pleasure and in a hurry to enjoy life, which may be very short for them, and therefore nervous excitement was always felt in the mood of the company. The composition of the officers was constantly fidgeting. Do not manage to send a hundred, another, to the front, as many new ones arrive, and those who left, often returned back. Well, how can you not say goodbye,

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when another ensign, one might say, has something

life has passed only during this time while staying it |

in Simferopol!

I copied it for a very long time with all my comrades in the company and the school, but gradually, one after another, they left me, ending in pain kicking their lives on the battlefield.

I had been in the regiment for about two months, and many of my comrades had already gone to the front, when I received a leave of absence and went to Sevastopol to see my friends and acquaintances. I felt joyful and it was so easy for me to take a shower. I remember that evening when I wandered along the boulevard, considering my decision to go good

volunteer. I deliberately went to the military commander and stood near his porch, reviving in my memory the feelings that led me to the same porch seven months ago. How much water has flowed under the bridge since then, and how much has changed in me! Mi was ashamed to admit it, but the former impulse, the former feelings, were no longer in me. I realized that the edflal was a big mistake, allowing my promotion to officers. I felt that as a soldier I would be ready to go to the front even now, but as an officer I was simply afraid ... not for myself, but I was afraid of the responsibility that I had to take on for others. I realized that I did not have the main thing that was necessary for the command staff: I could obey, but not order others. I felt like a "civilian" more than ever.

In Sevaetopol, I ended up in a society in which I had not been for a long time. This is a true story with its own specific properties. No one understood my former passion to go to the front, when, as a lawyer, I could be useful in the rear. Certainly,

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arguing, it would hardly be possible to convince me, but I received an offer that interested me very much. Mnf was offered to take the job of Assistant Chief of Counter-Inflation from the Secondary Headquarters of the Commander of the Black Sea Fleet. The activity is completely new to me, but so interesting that I couldn't help but agree.

Having returned to the regiment, I learned from the regimental adjutant that I had been promoted to the list of those on the right to the front, but that the regiment commander would cross me out, saying that such an officer would be more useful by remaining in the regiment. This insignificant circumstance confirmed me in the thought that I was really a worthless officer and that I had done well, having agreed to accept the offer I had made. At the request of the commander of the Black Sea Fleet, I was seconded to his headquarters as an officer for assignments. My new position was such that it was not supposed to be announced in the order, and I took up my position under the cover of state secrets.

CHAPTERS.

Before my arrival at the headquarters of the commander of the Black Sea Fleet, I had never heard of counter-intelligence departments, like institutions involved in the fight

with iiiiya. Not only in that "statecom" society in which I constantly moved around did not have any idea of counter-intelligence, it is important and useful, but also among the military there was a very vague idea of the essence of this extremely important and necessary institution. Even during the war, the majority understood counter-intelligence as military operations in the front lines, aimed at preventing the enemy from finding out the location of our military units and their family of eagles. During the civil war, everyone knew the counter-intelligence, which was a purely political institution that dealt exclusively with the fight against the Bolsheviks, their coaxing and cutting \$alom on the basis of the former gendarmes of the old regime. In fact, it was so, but during the World War, counter-intelligence detachments did not have anything to do with politics, but rather a very serious fight against the terribly developed, mainly German, piponage. The task was quite difficult and

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naya, since Rosaya was already entangled long before the war by the well-organized pishonage of Germany.

The last war has shown the weight of the enormous importance of the mission and the necessity of an organized struggle against it. No matter how numerous an army is, no matter how well it is armed and equipped, it must first of all have eyes and ears. The commander, who leads his army into battle, must know not only where he is against nik, but also his number and the kind of his eagle. The state, as a gift, which wages war, must know not only what is sent to the front from the enemy, but also everything that is in his deep rear. From this it is clear how important it is not to give the enemy these eufdbuy about his armsh and keep secret not only the maneuvers, but also prepare for them. During a warned enemy, he can not only paralyze an unexpected attack, but, having prepared a bird for it, he himself goes on the offensive. The talent of a well-conceived plan endures f1asco. The enemy uses an open plan in his interest, at the time to change his position and, eliminating the trap, inflict defeat himself there, where they thought to take him by surprise. This, however, does not exhaust the significance of the suggestion. Pshpons, having penetrated yupie to us in the rear, not only gave the enemy the necessary svfdyuya, but constituted a strong, secret army, which operated in the rear and with an invisible hand struck at us in the epin, destroying railroad bridges, telegraph poles, or \$ fasting reinforcements, setting fire to the quartermaster's warehouses,

factories, blowing up powder magazines, warships and transports, organizing strikes and developing propaganda that corrupts the army and the people. The foregoing is enough to understand all the terrible meaning

And"

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plponazha p all the meaning of the organized struggle with NIM.

Germany significantly ranfe Rosoi realized what a powerful weapon is piponage, and prepared for war with Rosai not only by preparing improved cannons and a huge number of shells, but also by organizing piponage. Exceptionally favorable historical and political conditions for Germany made it possible for her to entangle Rosaia with shishonazha in such a way that it was practically impossible to fight against him in Russia. Rosaya always needed the n6mtsah, who from old times were her teachers, and hardly trusted them, allowing the n5mtsev into all branches of management and state construction. Germany covered the whole of Russia with its commercial and industrial enterprises and penetrated through its agents into all state institutions, ministries, consulates, private companies, factories, etc. factories. Her agents occupied positions of responsibility, worked on matters of special state importance, entered into secret meetings, managed enterprises, served as engineers at factories, sailed on Russian military ships, were engaged in trade, served as chauffeurs and lackeys, danced in chantany cafes and even traded in bazaars . In a word, Germashya everywhere had their ears and eyes, which everyone saw and heard, and thanks to the complex organization of your connections, by means of all sorts of ciphers and signaling, they could still speak so that they were heard in Germany. By the beginning of the war, Germany's imfla was the most accurate assessment on all issues of military weapons and the supply of the Russian army. She had accurate maps of Rosai with drawings on them of topographical information and plans of vofkh ukrp

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goblin. Her secret agents, operating behind our lines, made up the flag of the armshaw, which was still

dangerous, ch5m open armed enemy. History! I, after my childhood, proved that Germama defeated Rosea not in an open armed battle, but with a poisonous sting of piponage. Her agents destroyed the Russian army, which her guns could not defeat. In the end, Rosaya died, making her a victim of the revolution created by German agents on the ger

fake gold.

Unfortunately, Rosaya did not do anything of the kind in this regard, and could not do so due to your own political and historical reasons. The Ruseks could never play that role and use such a court in the Germanic court as the Germans, who have always, since the time of Peter 1, been welcome guests with us. Germany knew how to keep the doors closed for foreigners and the Russians learned from the Germans and saw from them only that which was no longer of interest to Germany and the significance of state secrets. In addition, Rosaya was not preparing for a war with Germany and never thought to spend millions on maintenance

,army pponov. That's why, like intelligence,

so counter-intelligence detachments began to appear in our country in Rosashi only recently, already during the war, which they could no longer give to the children.

So, the counter-inflation division at the headquarters of the commander of the Black Sea Fleet was approved only at the end of 1915, a year after the start of the war. His area included the entire coast of the Black Sea from Batum to Sulin. One expansion of the area shows how difficult it was to organize a serious fight against espionage already during the war. In addition, the organizer

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such a complex task required people who knew and experienced, people who had gone through a well-known school, proper training, who had known abilities. Finally, more money and time were needed in order not to arouse suspicion and reveal the secrets of the organization by haste. Unfortunately, we didn't have any of this. It was created again: projects were developed, instructions were compiled, preparatory work was carried out. Naturally, at first everything was reduced simply to paper production and there were no practical results of the work. In the absence of workers hastily prepared for the search and shishonage, they had to use the services of officials of the department

police officers and agents of the gendarmerie departments, experienced people in general, but not entirely desirable in counter-intelligence, where much different work was required, excessive conscientiousness and a guarantee of non-corruption. This also explains the fact that I, who never had any understanding of the counter-intelligence department, was immediately appointed assistant chief of the counter-intelligence department only because, according to my legal education, I could conduct investigations and inquire on the basis of judicial charters and therefore, that he deserved full confidence in himself for everything that required exceptional caution and umfaj to keep a secret. The head of counter-intelligence, my immediate superior, was a true naval lieutenant, in all respects a very likeable person, and most importantly a great hard worker and a good worker. He devoted himself entirely to his responsible work so much that everything else in life, outside of counter-intelligence, ceased to exist giving him. Only thanks to his tireless energy, it seems to me, it was possible with the data

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yahh still create a lot and, if you do not stop the evil of ipionage, then in any case limit it. By the time I arrived, the air had already been set up so that in almost 5 major centers and more important strategic points, we had conscientious employees who, through the development of secret agents, organized local counter-intelligence. Our agents penetrated abroad, found new employees there, established contacts and sometimes made very valuable connections, guiding our work and serving as material for the development of various precautionary and protection measures against intrusion and prevention of malicious intent. Unfortunately, Buyu, while Gernayusha spent millions on pipionage, we were very limited in the environment. Foreign agents demanded more money, otherwise they would not justify their appointment. Many very ambitious projects required some risk, which we did not dare to take due to the lack of proper environment. The head of the checkpoints constantly complained about the insignificance of the amounts they were given, often justifying their lack of action. It was rarely possible to find ideological employees working without remuneration, and paid ones demanded a decent remuneration. In most cases it was necessary to use cheap agents, whose work was not always productive enough, and sometimes even simply hindered serious work. In order to justify their work, these agents, in search of a dfla, themselves created a materlal, adding

giving excessive seriousness to her observations, or simply inventing various implausibility. Things were created on the basis of completely unfounded rumors, in vain wasting time on

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investigated. The so-called surveillance. looking out for on the boulevards, poking around in cafes, provocateurs of prizes when talking in roofing felts, in the fields and on the streets for walks - in most cases they provided unusable material and we soon completely abandoned it, leaving external observation only for tracking down and finding out certain individuals and their connections. In addition, the work was still hampered by the fact that the entire power of the center was lysed in Sevastopol, and therefore, for each dflo, a complex correspondence arose between counterintelligence and leading points, which, given their remoteness from the center, sometimes delayed the sfid so much that they lost their value.

At first, the counter-intelligence department was mainly engaged in the development of an extensive material, received by the child from the gendarmerie's directorate. We must do justice to the fact that this story is very valuable in the sense of the historical archive, which we often used when identifying all past activities suspected of spying and having relations with Germash of this or that person. Concerning the flag of a number of persons, there were already sufficient data to initiate proceedings against them on charges of piping, and in connection with them, many were taken under suspicion and were placed under surveillance. Detailed development of vefh svf days, long-term observation, examining letters, made it possible to establish with no doubt their work on shisponage, but it was not possible to find clear evidence, evidence of their guilt, in most cases it was not possible. A series of searches did not yield any results. The following was a mass, but not a single one was guilty. Very often it was necessary to act rather on conviction than on the basis of direct evidence of guilt

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ness. In order not to fall into a criminal error, and not to let the other side slip, some very suspicious persons had to be sent, so to speak, just in case, without trial from the front line. I think that some of them suffered, perhaps in vain, but that many of them left without a well-deserved punishment—this is what I did during the German occupation. So, in the mountains. NikolaevV, when

I'm already independent. head of counterintelligence of the Nikolaev ralon, based on! and very serious intelligence services, I was arrested for service at the shipbuilding plant Naval engineer D., n5mets by origin, born from Germash and entered the plant not as much as a year before the start of the war. During a search, photographic photographs of the whole water, workshops and all ships under construction at the plant were found in his possession; a large correspondence in the German language, which proved that before the start of the war he had a close relationship with Germasha, but there was nothing criminal in it, and a lot of all kinds of drawings, scribbles and figures on a notebook and calendar, not imbued with a specific meaning. According to the explanation of engineer D., everything seemed quite natural: in Germany he was the name of relatives and acquaintances with whom he corresponded with the most innocent nature. The name of the photographic apparatus that made the images, since it is interesting for an engineer to take pictures from the work in which he participates. Takle enimki, serve him in difficult cases at the end of his activity. His connection with the German consul in Nikolaev, determined by the pppon, who had timely arrived in Germany, but left them in Nikolaev with some agency organized by him, was limited to relations with simple acquaintances. I miss all other extensive material,

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which served for me as the basis for 6bez-. I have a controversial belief that engineer D. was a true story, but I must say that everything else had the same explanation, and aside from the accumulation of masses of circumstantial evidence, I did not have any proof. For no reason, I kept him under arrest for two weeks, convinced that the next step would give me the desired result, but neither the chemical analysis of letters, papers, books, ink, etc., nor the deciphering of mysterious records and figures, nor a search of the apartment and the attic in the hope of finding signs of a wireless telegraph, no tapping on the walls and furniture, carried out by the most experienced agents, in the hope of opening secret vaults - nothing more was given. In the end, I had to release him on the orders of the headquarters, since his arrest made it difficult to work at the plant and personally administer the shaft's petition to the commander of the Black Sea Fleet for his release. However, I withheld his photographic equipment, all photographs and correspondence, explaining that the production of photographs of factory buildings is prohibited and all things can be

he was issued only at the end of the next day. A lot of time has passed. The Germans entered Nikolaev and began to restore their order. All the inhabitants, not excluding the officers, were ordered to surrender their weapons under fear of destruction. I went to the German headquarters to turn in her revolver and get permission to go to Yuez. I received a receipt to accept my revolver with the exact indication of its system and number, and entered the room where several German officers were seated. Among them, the engineer D. calmly sat down and took care of the papers with them.

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exquisitely kind. Thanks to him, I immediately received permission to get out of the queue. "Will you let me know," he asked the com nf, issuing permission, "can I now get my photograph and pictures. They are very expensive and I would be very sorry if they were lost. "I informed him that all the property of the counter-intelligence department was handed over to the port office according to the inventory and that there he could receive all the things taken from him during the search. "For my part," I added, "I'm very interested in getting my revolver back."

"Oh, yes, without a doubt," he replied, "this m\$ra is only temporary and as soon as everything calms down in the city, you will, of course, get it back. May I have a wapg receipt? I will try to arrange it for you as soon as possible." And indeed, the very next day, again as an exception, the revolver was delivered to my house. Surprisingly courteous Mr. Pipon! And there were many such cases. But still nothing! Engineering and to the same from Germash. Although they weren't taken away, they nevertheless kept him under arrest, took away everything that was possible, and in any case they inspired so much fear that he could hardly continue his criminal activities. It was worse for the dflo when suspicions fell on the face of the important, black German engineer. The threads of a skein of shshonsk were sometimes led to where the leaders of the counterintelligence, despite all their suspicions, did not dare to enter. Pipons were even at the court. Nfmsy always made Russian policy and therefore shshonage Ukrpilei at the court since historical times; and the supporters of Germany, if they were not always schosons, then in any case they greatly contributed to them.

Yes, a difficult and thankless task was given to counter-intelligence.

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I remember how much we struggled to uncover an unconditionally existing organization that gives information about each squadron going to sea. Despite the fact that the departure of the squadron was always surrounded by the most guarded secrecy and all precautionary measures, it was undeniable, according to the information at the headquarters, that the Goeben was always warned about this in a timely manner.

How many nights we did not sleep! All agents were on their feet. They followed every random fireball, listened to every barely perceptible sound! And suddenly signaling! A few hours before the departure of the squadron, a non-bearer passed by Alupka at about 9 o'clock in the evening in the park, near the stones of "Chaos" three times bright blue light and one red. A few days later, the phenomenon repeated itself: the agents established that just on the night of the squadron's departure on the stones of the "Chaos" there was clearly a blue Bengal FIRE. Another sleepless night. Throughout the park from 8 o'clock. In the evening the agents were scattered. Ambushes set up. The boss and I

wandered around in the dark park with revolvers, but without result. Not a single light. On the night of the departure of the squadron, as soon as it got dark, we drove off to Alupka. Going around and descending from the mountains, like ordinary ekekursants, we went to the tavern \$ and bought Turkish delight from a Tatar porter. Giving us back, the Tatar gave us a completely unexpected surprise, namely, no more and no less than a Bengal match.

"What is it? Where!? Zachfm?"

"Byngal fire ... free skiing," the Tatar replied, grinning, "for a good swimmer like you."

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The chief and I involuntarily stared at each other. What's the matter? And it's very simple. Tatar, selling Turkish delight in Alupka, invented to lure the buyer to distribute Bengal matches. All the boys of Alupka knew this Tatar and bought Turkish delight from him, sometimes hastily because of these matches, which they indulged in. We soon became convinced of this, chasing boys and strolling sightseers with like Bengals.

sky lights. Tartar was scolded, matches were taken away, | the excursionists were directed to the order of the commander of the Black Sea Fleet about the prohibition of any lights in the evening. Special orders were issued to monitor the strict execution of this order by the inhabitants of Alupka - and that was it. We laughed... but, the devil knows, didn't the German pipon laugh at us? Indeed, if indeed the task of the German peony was that, having received from Sevastopol information about the exit of the squadron, he should have given some kind of light signal, then he would not sit down in the German cascf on the marble Ifetnitsa \$ Alupkinsky Palace and would not arrange brilliant fireworks! Navfrnoe, come up with something fun trfe and find a way such that even in the case | I have been observed, everything could be explained by some trifles. So why shouldn't he find a Tartar with Turkish Delight and Bengal matches? And who will burn them, perhaps it is indifferent to him.

And in the sense of ingenuity, the NFMs are genius! Use digital ciphers, price lists, printed products, calendars, chemical ink, secret paper - left by them for institute girls, corresponding with each other in secret from a classy lady, and catch ishon,

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red-handed - dflo is completely hopeless! Most of the shoons have gone through a good school of espionage, and the most traitorous interrogation could not bring them down and force them to reveal a secret. Neither threats to slowly raise him, nor managing to promise to release him if he sincerely repents and confesses to everything, have no effect on him at all. Being a gendarme of the habit of interrogation, influencing iflyu, first confuse and bring down the suspect, then intimidate and extort the secret with threats, or, on the contrary, reassure him with his courtesy and wishing him well with all the purity of his soul - rarely when they gave a positive result. In this regard, the school of piponage passed by the Germans prepared well, the pipon was self-controlled and I understand the true significance of these threats and these generalizations. During my business trip to Romania, I managed to get acquainted with the organizer of such a school of apprenticeship in Bucharest. Course school shiponazha true story two months. All the "students" of the school, and there were hundreds of them, were divided into small groups of 5-7 people. No communication between groups was allowed. We studied at different hours and with different instructors. Even between members of the same group there was little in common. Each of them tried to keep himself apart and, as if fearing

each other, even concealed his own name, in most cases using fictitious nicknames. They taught them a lot: how to watch smartly without arousing suspicion, what you need to pay attention to, how to distinguish between different military units by shoulder straps, how to determine the eyes of a razetoyan (practically busy! I), etc. In each group there were also special kure depending on the destination, the appointed pipen. In addition, each shshon taught to respond to

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interrogation \$ in case of its failure and exposing in iip onstv. To do this, each student had to tell the instructor in detail all his past and present life with all the smallest details. The instructor, using this material, invented the most plausible ending that would follow from the whole previous life, which would explain the presence of a pion in a certain area. The opinions necessary for this in the past were as insignificant as possible, and therefore it was not difficult to remember them. It is known that nothing is more difficult than to invent all your life, without confusing interrogation in contradictions or simply absurdities: the years will not correspond to the events, the time is m\$studio, etc., and to remember one lie is very difficult. An experienced instructor, realizing that one must have a great memory in order not to get entangled in a lie, invents for her a story that is all based on the truth. Pshpon remember it well, in particular, he digresses a little from the truth, and, not being afraid to get confused, he truthfully answers all insidious questions. For practice, he is subjected to the most severe interrogations with all the cunning tricks worked out for this purpose, between which, of course, threats and obscenities appear, but it is good to know their true meaning. Prepared in this way, the pipon should know that suspicion alone is not enough for an accusation, but he can only give proof. We recognize it as ours, and therefore show stubborn resistance and continue to lock ourselves up even when obvious evidence does not leave, apparently, the mfeta in any doubt! | Despite, however, all the difficulties of the fight against pishonage, counter-intelligence post

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vigorously developed its activity and progressed steadily.

We paid special attention to Romanian,

realizing that there is the main center, from where the main threads of espionage diverge. Agents from almost all of the warring powers worked in Bucharest. Spies, provocateurs and political blackmailers from all over the world have gathered under the cloak of neutrality. Our agents sent us Svědkyňa, who convinced us that the main work of counterintelligence was in Rumyn and that it was necessary to look for the main sources of espionage there. Clothed with great powers, I went to Bucharest.

CHAPTER P.

According to intelligence agents, shortly before the war, the beautiful Greek citizen Eleanor arrived in Odessa from Constantinople. Her mother kept, in Constantinople, an aristocratic rendezvous house. First of all, Eleanor struck Odessa with her extraordinary beauty, and then with her open lifestyle. She shone at all evenings, balakhs, masquerades, where she enjoyed great success; in her wonderful salon, gave a merry company gathered and wine flowed like water; in her wonderful appearance and rich admirers; she was very fond of gathering golden youth around her, but staff officers took advantage of her favor. At the same time, the observation established behind her revealed her strange connection with certain Greeks, who were completely unsuitable for her aristocratic society, and meeting with which, sometimes furnished with some mystery, aroused solid suspicions.

Sometimes Eleanor went out for a few days, supposedly to meet with her relatives, in Kishinev, and these absences were more or less long. According to the reports of the border gendarmerie points of Reni and Ungeni, it was established that Eleonora Fzdila three times to Romania,

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each time going through one point and returning through another. Agents tracked her down to Bucharest and kept her under constant surveillance. For this duty, I had a rather difficult task ahead of me. Knowing a lot about her way of life and her suspicious acquaintances from intelligence agents, I had to get to know her, at the most convenient moment to stun her and, acting with fear, persuade her to reveal all the secrets. We had to take every precaution so as not to fall under surveillance myself and not be open. I was in the staff and Ota was new to one of our employees in the most

crowded but remote quarter. When I met with agents, I always visited various safe houses late in the evening, and in any case I had to fold the loops and perform such maneuvers that, if by chance I had been under surveillance, I would have promptly covered him up and disappeared. Sometimes I took a phaeton and, taking advantage of the darkness, jumped off somewhere into lanes and walked around. He entered the restaurant and immediately left the other way. I got on the tram and quickly changed at the stops to the windy and \$hal back. Then I knew special rules, how to find out if I was being watched, or, at least, check myself if I had any doubts. In a word, he had to be a magician, since opening a safe house would mean failing himself and all the agents. When, working under such conditions, I saw all our secret agents and gathered all the necessary information, I already moved to the best hotel in military uniform and waited for an opportunity to get acquainted with Eleanor. Soon. such a case presented itself. Charity was arranged in the Bolshoi Theater

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Russian concert. Luchpia participated in the concert

artistic powers. The program consisted of the advantage

famously produced by Russian composers and

writers. The best society gathered for the concert

Bucharest. The agents promptly informed me that Eleanor would be at the theatre. I went to a concert and took a seat in the stalls. I was indicated

her. She sat in a lie, in the company of two ladies, in the costume of a sister of mercy.

In Romania, you can easily meet a woman. This flails very easily. A letter is being written, and the valet takes it to the appointed place. But I smelt it differently. I looked at each other for a long time

® her, smiled, during the intermission for a few times I walked past her box, almost point-blank at her, after dark, plucking up courage, going out into the foyer, I caught her look and showed with my eyes that she - left the box. Action imflo uspfh. We winded in the foyer and got to know each other. But how did you meet? She saw me for the first time and confided that I had just come from the Romanian front in order to have some rest and fun after the terrible battles. I was in form and with excelbants,

and therefore, having learned that I was an adjutant at the headquarters of I, she became kindly with me. I

_ find out from her that she is a Romanian, a sister of mercy in a military infirmary, has never been to Rosai and

do not understand Russian, but have an excellent command of the French language, in which we explained ourselves to her. I, not hiding my admiration for her beauty, immediately began to look after her and ask her not to deprive me of her company, which I think I'm completely alone

and I don't have acquaintances with whom I could have fun or at least unwind a little after a hard life at the front. It was a lot of money to play such a role

NO

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not difficult, since Eleanor was a really charming woman, but then she was dangerous, like an enemy. A dangerous game has begun between us. We caught each other. Our desires converged, and therefore she relatively soon agreed to spend an evening with me after the theater sometime in a restaurant. "Butterfly fly to the fire", I thought. "At the catcher and the beast to live," she probably thought. I was waiting for her with the car. She came out, as agreed, from a side exit, and we went to visit her, as she could not go to the cabaret in the costume of a merciful sister. I knew where she lived and was very surprised when she indicated a completely different address, and I was on my guard so as not to fall into an ambush.

"I can't invite you to my place, because now I live with my relatives," she apologized, driving up to a chic house with mirrored windows. - "Wait for me in the car." I waited for her for quite a long time and I was already doubtful again when she came out to me in a luxurious toilet, all wrapped up in expensive mosses. I realized that she could not have changed so quickly from a modest sister of mercy into a luxurious courtesan.

When I saw her, I did not hide my admiration. SHE liked it, although, apparently, she was admired by everyone who had the happiness or misfortune to be with her. A woman is always a woman.

"Where are we going? ask me. I don't know Bucharest at all. Be my mentor and show me where you have fun. I give myself up at your disposal with pleasure ... I hope -

Liv already darkness, what's the matter with you."

She smiled. There was nothing in her smile that was enchanting, and so it didn't feel right to believe that you weren't with a wonderful woman who did

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you and Fdet go to a restaurant with all the possibilities, and the insidious little girl who sells Ross! and uses her beauty to destroy tzhh, who dally draws closer to her and find nzmfn, where he thought to find love. And how I would like to forget that cannons are rattling at the front, rivers of human blood are pouring, that people have become enemies and destroy each other, forget that I am a counter-razor and conceal insidious plans against a woman who is so charming and I could have given so much happiness... I felt disgusting, vile, despite my full consciousness that I was doing my duty, that I was entrusted with state secrets, that in my hands, perhaps, thousands of human lives, and that I myself I can be captured by her agents and thrown somewhere on the outskirts of the ditch, and the vile pip will continue her criminal work.

"No, God didn't give you this beauty, which can turn your head, but the devil, in order to abundantly remove evil and crime! And you must let us take them back!"

We went to one of the best new cabaret restaurants. I ordered a dinner of champagne and brought her a lot of flowers, deliberately demonstrating the freedom with which I am ready to spend money on her. She was a very cheerful and intelligent woman, with whom it was easy to carry on a lively and witty conversation. She drank champagne, apparently well accustomed to it. I drank with caution, but nevertheless brightened considerably, which, however, did not prevent me from playing my part. I would gladly answer all of her questions: how was my life before the war, is it fun to live in Petersburg, do I like theaters, etc. To all this I could answer the truth, which could only lull her caution. I expected

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that she would start asking me about the war, about the front, but she, apparently deliberately, did not touch on this issue at all, which gave me hope for the next date. For the first time, we decided to forget about dfl and had a very nice time among the general fun, psh and music, it seemed without thinking

about nothing but pleasure. It was strange to me this fun, revelry in a restaurant, which was part of my official duties. I sensed some kind of falsehood in the whole environment around me and was inclined to think that the whole cafe-chantans with music and chansonettes is nothing more than a hoax with secret springs, and that somewhere in the depths mysterious forces are working. I felt like the heroine of a movie-drama, surrounded by secret agents of Fantomas, the Black Hand, or the Mask that will move.

And did I think, when I was a notary and sometimes cheerfully and carelessly reveling in restaurants, that I would have to play the role of Sherlock Holmes in Bucharest, dine with a woman, entangling her with this lie and deceit, make plans, how at a solemn moment I would suddenly graciously take pictures mask and, smiling kindly, I will say: "It is an honor to introduce myself ... I am the head of the counter-intelligence, and you are the German pipon Eleonora. You are under arrest."

I took care of her around the week, visiting theaters with her, having dinner in restaurants and driving a car, as if my whole life was only in her ... She not only allowed me to look after her, but even tried to captivate her with a very experienced coquetry me further in the children of their charms ... and the more I was apparently carried away by her, the more she became interested in t5m, which was part of her duties as a nipon. We must do justice to the fact that she did it very skillfully, after dinner with

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champagne, with delicacy and sweet, vague curiosity, approaching, sometimes, very far away and as if by chance, but for me it was too clear. She lured me in. and I followed her bait ... but for a long time she did not agree to have fun with me in a separate office of a country restaurant, where I planned to play the finale of our comedy.

I understood her caution. On the third day of my acquaintance with her, I made a report that I was being watched. Some kind of gloomy type appeared near my hotel, which I twice trotted at the entrance, carefully opening the window of a perfume shop, and by some chance we call him a pleasure! follow me very carefully. I finally saw how, walking along the streets, the same type of eyes handed me over to another, who very kindly escorted me to the hotel. I will not list the mass

These are the signs by which I established that you are being observed by me. This is a flickering science, the science of how to conduct an observation and how to save oneself from it. We had an extensive literature on this question, very interesting in itself, but extremely unsavory when applied in practice. I will only say that great skill is required in order not to fail as such. so and other cases.

But, of course, I didn't let it be known that I was hiding the observation. We had nothing to fear. I don't have any contact with agents, and therefore I don't mind that Eleanor "knows where I drink coffee in the morning, what newspaper I read, where I buy papi dew for myself and how I kill the day so that I can see you soon

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with her in the evening. But what I really liked was the fact that my agents, obviously in the wings of my guard, also kept a close watch on me, and sometimes, having dinner with Eleanor in a restaurant, I was head of the table at a distance of two, three agents, sitting peacefully over a bottle of wine. Incidentally, my agents also spoofed the observation set up on me and, in turn, traced and established the connection of this observation with Eleanor. Veee

lazy life!

Finally, the day of denouement drew near. I won't hide that I'm so accustomed to the merry and secret company of the charming Eleanor, it was so good for me, forgetting all the horror of our relationship, to surrender to this woman's deceit, even knowing that all her attitude towards me is only one insidious deception of a criminal woman - that in the morning I did not yet know how I was trying to tear off this charming mask from her. I even thought whether it was possible to get from her all the necessary information, to extract from her a full confession and through her betrayal all accomplices - to save her. so that she, continuing to fictitiously be a German dowel, sold us the plans of our enemies, But I did not get overwhelmed by my strength and was afraid to fail. I did not sleep from worrying all night. Sometimes I even find fear that my whole game is already open, that I acted stupidly and myself will fall into an ambush, which Eleonorf is thinking of setting up. In addition, we still had the most difficult task ahead of us: to see our chief employee in order to obtain a warrant from some Romanian authorities to arrest Eleonora and warn the agents. Here I can easily fail, and then Eleanor

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would have disappeared, and therefore in this respect I took every precaution.

It hadn't dawned yet when I left the hotel in a staff and dress with a fur hat pulled down over my eyes and my collar turned up high. Having looked around very sharply before leaving the entrance, and without stopping anyone, I quickly turned into the first alley. The weather favored me, as the drizzle drizzled, cold rain, and I was all hunched over and hidden in a fur coat.

Then I made a few loops, walked through two entrance yards, sat for a long time in some cafe, got back and forth to the tram and only after the most expensive tests, convinced that I had observed nine oil, I tried to enter the employee's apartment. Here I gave all the orders and Obo all the conditions. I Egdb four agents were supposed to occupy a separate office in advance and have dinner while waiting for my party with Eleanor. Zalm, at exactly the agreed time we were supposed to meet in the lavatory to hand over the MNF warrant for the arrest of Eleanor. This order must be received from the chief of the polish by my main employee. From him I received additional information about Eleanor's activity during these days. I found out that Eleonora lived in the apartment of the Romanian doctor, but imfla is also the home of the former mistress of the Austrian consul in Bucharest, who lives in the house where Eleonora first came to visit with me. Other connections were also clarified, the further development of which was to be taken up by the agents.

I returned to the hotel with the same precautions and exhausted physically and morally, I tried to sleep in order to calm down and gather my strength at a hurried step, but sleep

Ustinov: Zapiekn. 4

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bjal my eyes. I was afraid that I would not have enough strength for a long time. It's strange, but despite the fact that my feelings were just as excited as before the duel, I had a dream that was completely out of time and the events of my real life , lying on the bank of the river, read Lermontov's poems to her. And it was so quiet and peaceful in the shower. I'm still awake

with an enthusiastic smile, as if suddenly, unknowingly, like an electric shock, made me jump out of bed in horror. It was already dark, but there was plenty of time. I refreshed my head with cold water and slowly began to prepare. I demanded to be taken to my room and drank cognac. My nerves calmed down. I chivatoval in e66b courage and determination, like a fighter, already stuck in a lane of fire. I examined my revolver and, in any case, without a holster, put myself in my pocket.

At the appointed hour, I will wait with the car for Eleanor at the agreed time. She was late, as if on purpose, and I was already despairing when, at last, I saw her. I rushed to meet her with the delight of a lover.

"Honey", I whispered "how tired I am, waiting for you |"

"My friend," she answered with a loving smile, "I couldn't; if they knew. you, how difficult it was for me to leave ... but now I am completely free!"

"Oh, how happy I am. T

My God, how it all looked like a love rendezvous, and how little happiness there was!

We rushed to the hotel-restaurant, and at her will we entered it through a dark garden. Luxurious room with carpets, mirrors and a curtain that hides a large bed. We ordered dinner

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but wait: they asked for champagne and drank it, partying by the burning fireplace. We chatted for a long time, holding each other's hands. I complained to her how sad it would be to leave Bucharest and Fhat again to the front. How many hotflos it would be to forget everything and live only in the dark, ch6m I lived this nezlyu! She leaned low towards me and, lovingly looking into my eyes, burning me with her hot breath, with the passion of an experienced courtesan, quietly whispered:

"And you'll get away, even if I'm yours?!"

I snatched my hand away from her and, covering my face, quickly walked away to the table and, in order to hide my wor-. Nene, drank a glass of champagne. A moment, and I would lie to her, drop everything, reveal to her the whole secret, and only for one night of love would I pay with my life. But by chance, standing with my back to her, I glanced at zero in the mirror hanging above the table and SAW her proudly standing by the fireplace with her head thrown back and

in her smile, barely perceptible, I suddenly zambtil something
zmBinoe ... And it immediately sobered me. "Wta ep, Chi! nga
1e Chegsheg!" I thought. The officer came in and supper
was served. I apologized and left for a minute. I received
a warrant from an employee and returned to the office reassured.
Having started some kind of empty conversation, we continued to
gossip in the same spirit all the time of supper. I diligently refilled
her with champagne, but I myself drank less than usual.

"I can't take it anymore," she said, pushing her glass away,
"I'll be completely drunk."

"I want so much!" I persuaded her.

"Will" you "so want, I drink!" she answered and drank the
glass in one gulp.

The champagne worked. We moved so far and sVli vmBetB
on a low couch. She almost

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and 8

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lay leaning on a soft carpet pillow. I hugged her and quietly began to
bend over, as if asking for permission to pozfluy! She understood
me and waited... I hugged her tightly and looking into her eyes,
suddenly said to her in Russian:

"Finally, you got it, beautiful Eleanor! You will not leave my power
and it is right to reward you according to your deserts for your betrayal!"

The effect is such that, even those who prepared for it, I was
amazed.

Eleanor jumped up like a stung snake. She screamed, but that
had already been said and she realized that she had betrayed
herself. I grabbed her hands and

forcefully put me back on the couch.

"Sit down!" I said menacingly, "otherwise it will be worse for
you! Listen to me!"

She sidfly with frozen horror on her face. Her lips trembled
as did her hands.

"I am very glad," I said, "that you understand Russian. In
Odessa, you knew him to perfection® and in vain you forgot him here.
I am the head of the counter-intelligence department - and
here is a warrant for your arrest.

When my office is closed, my agents will send you to prison and you will be judged in Rosai. But I can still save you!"

She looked at me, and hope flashed in her eyes.

"Oh no!" I said, understanding her, "not what you think. Your love is not needed. But you must reveal to us all your secrets, all your connections ... you must repent of everything, as if in confession, and only in this way can you earn pardon.

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"Oh, spare me! I want to live," she cried. "Help me !"

She fell on the stakes, stretching out her hands to me.

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"It depends only on you!" I replied. "Teach me what to flatter!"
Wringing her hands and still on her knees, she repeated in tears. "I already told you, tell the whole truth. I am not a gendarme, I am an officer, and I will not torture you with interrogation, trying to knock you down or catch you. I will be frank: we know a lot about your activity, but you have to tell us even more yourself. We have known you for a long time. We know from that time how, leaving your mother in Constantinople⁵ to trade in women, you took the name of Eleanor and went to Odessa. Since then, your whole life has passed under our supervision for the first time. We were at your salon on Gavannaya street. We traveled with you to Chisinau. We know what

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passports you registered border checkpoints and how in a different way they returned back. We followed you on your heels, we know that you were in trouble, to whom you passed the wedding day, why Fzdili to Galati, why find hospitality at the mistress of the former Austrian consul. We know all your life, but we must from you receive the thread of your ppipon organization, we must root out all the evil that you have done, and remember, only the full truth can save you. If you hide something known to us, if you lie something that will not be justified by our discord, if you spare at least one of your accomplices, you will be upgraded without regret.

It seems to me that I was pretty convincing, or just she herself, immediately r-shida to hand over everything,

but as soon as she calmed down and began to show me frankly.

The feedback received from her did not give us, in general, what we expected. We are late!

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Much has become the past, has lost its significance and is only of historical interest.

The fate of the Romanians! was already over. Mackensen approached Bucharest and our agents no longer had time to take up the further development of the links given to us by Eleanor. We already knew much of what she showed us. Much of what was chiefly of interest to us, she did not know herself, and could only give very bare evidence. Out of many. We arrested five or six and even then small shshons of the persons indicated by her. Even her main accomplice, the mistress of the Austrian consul, "hid before we managed to arrest her, and a search of her apartment did not yield any results. Evidently, Eleanor's arrest became a matter of concern to her sooner than we could expect. Everything that was valuable in what she showed was then, of course, used. She was tormented for quite a long time in Odessa and Sevastopol, and, of course, they got everything that was possible from her. But to this we shall return.

Both of us were terribly exhausted and, having finished the official interrogation, I offered her to eat the remaining dinner again. It became easier for both of us, shower, when we again, as if nothing terrible had happened, slid down to the table and began to peacefully gossip. I don't know, of course she was a terrible criminal, but I still felt sorry for her. She remained a charming woman, as if sweet, simple, knowing how to love and wanting only to be loved. As if evil accidentally touched her. Perhaps this is because in every criminal there always remain many other feelings, that crime captures only a part of a person's soul, without absorbing all the rest of the properties of his soul, and in a woman in particular. In the most strantnomg

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Gorf man is not deprived of the ability to temporarily forget him and even succumb. So sometimes in the house of the deceased, people are very close to him, after teas and tears, they sit down at the dirty table, talk about the most ordinary things, sometimes joke and involuntarily smile through tears, as if the deceased had only temporarily gone into the next room. So Oleanora and I, having finished the terrible dfo, apparently had a very pleasant supper with glasses in our hands, recalling with a smile our meeting, mutual game, various tricks and merry suppers in the cabaret.

"Is it true, how pleasant it is to speak Russian sometimes?" I joked.

"Nasty! Don't hesitate,'... she replied cheerfully. "But still, you are very nice ... I am very sorry that you are a counter-intelligence officer!"

"And you are a charming woman, and so am I.

I'm sorry that you're a ppp!"

So we exchanged pleasantries on this just completely sincere.

Only at three o'clock in the morning, when we had drunk all the wine and she realized that it was all over, she again fell into despair, as if she were aware of the horror of her situation.

"Are you going to arrest me?" she said plaintively, raising her pleading eyes to me.

"Sorry, yes," I replied, trying to be gentle. But I'll do everything so that you can avoid the painful sidfay in prison. If you tell me not to make any attempts to escape, then you will go to Odessa with my agents, like a free passenger. Just don't show any resistance, otherwise, of course, you will have to be taken into custody and sent already, as a prisoner, under the protection of the gendarmes.

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I put her in a car with two agents, who delivered her safely to Odessa. The fate of Eleanor continued to interest me and I was glad for her when I found out that the headquarters of the commander of the Black Sea Fleet, when Eaeo-

the hole was finally used, sent her to the same Romania, the total reward for her was when she returned with new digital contacts on exploration. But Eleanor did not return. The reasons, obviously, are used in such a practice: either she, as arrested by the Russian counter-intelligence, could no longer play her former role, or she was afraid of Rossi, not very much as a reward for a new betrayal of her former friends, or she was in Germany paid more, chfm cheated Roseya.

CHAPTER W.

Eleonora's case once again proved to the public the necessity and value of foreign agents. If even before the start of the war we had had solid agents in at least one Rumish, then our work in Sevastopol would have been much easier and perhaps we could have prevented a terrible catastrophe - the explosion of the battleship Marai in Sevastopol Bay. We received more or less important information from the VSB from foreign agents. Eleanor indicated only a small number of pipons, but _ svfdByushya, which. we got it from her, made it possible to constantly unravel the threads of shiping. ®— According to Eleanor's instructions, we arrested two pishons in Yaesakh. One true story of the Romanians - no more, no less, like a simple lineman at st. Yaesy. Not a single soldier passed by him. from Rosam to Romania, so as not to be carefully hushed up by them. Thus, the Germans always knew exactly the number of echelons that had passed. The arrested pipon, in turn, was compelled to indicate the person to whom he gave these notes, and in this way more and more pipons were found. Everything, of course, consisted in the intelligence of agents and demanded great experience and energy from her, since untimely

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the arrest of one pinon made it possible for the other to escape, and communication was interrupted. The most striking thing is, of course, not the immediate arrest of the pipon, but the constant monitoring of him in the guard, establishing his connections with the security agents, but this is a very difficult and dangerous task, since in such a case, on the one hand, the activity of the pion continues and brings their own harm, and on the other hand, a clumsy observer can give an opportunity to hide to an already exposed shshon. Formerly a gendarme, managing in a political

The search adhered predominantly to this practice. The "liquidation" was carried out only after establishing a connection between a significant number of members of the organization or even after clarifying all of its members. But in the political search, the Dflo could endure, and in the fight against pionage, every missed day could bring great harm. Another pipon, indicated by Eleonora, was a Greek who graduated from the school of piponage in Bucharest. By occupation, he was a merchant. Once lived in Odessa and traded (as it should be) sponges. He was on his way to Odessa, but for some reason he was delayed in Yassakh. During the search, nothing was found, I convict him of pishonstv, and during interrogation he gave there positive answers, which could even arise suspicion of correctness and I was denounced by Eleanor. But we knew his "appearance", i.e., proof of his belonging to a certain organization when he appeared to the person to whom he was entrusted! This appearance is a piece of an ordinary pencil, broken in the middle In the inscription of the factory mark. The pencil was broken inaccurately. Ishshon was heading to Odessa to the Greek, who had already been known to us by observing Eleanor, who was supposed to have the other half of that

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the same pencil. Both halves, when connected, should have coincided with the broken ends and set up the carandant and the inscription. Only after we found this piece of pencil under the cover of his notebook, we proved him guilty. The Greek confessed when he convinced himself that he was issued.

This pip can only be accused of
preparing for the bigotry, and not in the crime itself, and therefore, perhaps, exposed at the very beginning of his activity, he not only confessed at eight, but even, as if, with a relieved soul, began to throw off the burden of mystery and danger, which he was exposed. His display is not without interest.

When for the first time he came into the hands of a German major for needs, he was amazed at the generosity with which the Germans paid for the work of the mission. Malor was satisfied with his verbal agreement to work on intelligence and gave him a simple

_ instruct me to go to Zhmerinka and follow up

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number of people passing through Zhmerinka a day
military echelons, as well as how many

° would cost the railroad bridge. After this

The Maor pulled out a desk drawer full of Russian and Rumanian money and took a flying

without counting the pack, handed it to him.

"I was in a very difficult position. There wasn't even enough money to buy food, and then, all of a sudden, there was a lot of money at once," he admitted. But money still didn't bribe me. I dwf nedfli hid in Yaesakh and easily spent the money I received. Then, again, I appeared to the Mayur and told him everything that came into my head, as if it were the best thing to do. The German listened to me in silence for a long time, and when I finished, he again opened the drawer with money and brought out a wad of money twice as much this time,

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far away, adding very little: "It's not true. Come again and look better! "I was tempted by the ease of earning money and effectively went to Zhmerinka, counted the piers of the railway bridge, but how many echelons passed, which regiments and how to determine their number, I didn't know and frankly told the maor everything that I saw, but I myself understood, that my friends could not satisfy him. However, he was very pleased, gave me more money and sent me to Bukh to go to the pipon school. b

After graduating from the school of pipons, he lived for a long time in Bucharest and only recently received a job to go to Odessa with a guard watching the traffic of ships in the Odessa port. All further instructions he had to receive from a Greek. One woman in black gave him a full description of this Greek and where he could find him. He should have come to him with the pencil mentioned above, which was given to him by the same lady (Eleanor). He knew that two of his group were sent to Nikolaev and one to Ochakov. After his completely frank confessions, one could tell him that he knew only their fictitious nickname and could only give us a detailed description of their appearance. The most thorough search for them in Nikolaev and Ochakov did not give any result. He gave us very interesting information about the schools of piponage, but all this referred to the time when Romania was still

did not take the side of Rosai, but in the rest

his testimonies agreed with Eleonora's explanations and were already heavily developed by our agents in BukhareetB.

Leave our agenturf to further develop the data obtained from Eleonora and Areeto

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According to her, I'll point you to Bucharest and Yaesah Pishonov of the SVFDNSH, I myself went to Galati on a date with one of our main foreign agents. With his assistance, counter intelligence managed to capture one large Turkish transport with raisins, walnut orphs and olive oil worth about a hundred thousand rubles. Strictly speaking, this was not a true capture, since the Turkish captain of transport, by agreement with a napim agent, himself brought his ship to Sevastopol, having reprimanded himself for this reward of 850 thousand rubles. Our destroyer just went out to meet him, inestimating the capture. The Turk, of course, was cheated by half, they gave, it seems, only 150 thousand, but he was very pleased with this and lived for a long time in Sevastopol, drinking and debauching to such an extent that he had to be removed to a more distant place. The huge Turkish ship was brought into the trophy of the Black Sea Fleet. Raisins, orkhs and Turkish delight FI, it seems, the whole of Sevastopol is on the basis of a simple raekishchenyu. This agent has great connections and his own agents. We always received from him, more or less importantly, a holy day. He now undertook to create such a reconnaissance in Turshcha that he even ensured the capture of Goeben. He could be lied to, since it really was a big international rogue. His name was Ekverdealan. First of all, he was an aristocrat. The representative, charming appearance was in complete harmony with the refinement of his costume and manners. He spoke, it seems, in all foreign languages, spoke about all countries and kept abreast of the political interests of all of Europe. He was a Turkish citizen, imfl in Turshi great connections and one

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time played a major role in the political life of his country. According to him, he became the victim of some terrible intrigue and lost his lovely fortune there. Since then, he has been exalted vidzl Tursha and was her sworn enemy. "I'm ready to mark my whole life for her," he said with pathos, "I'm ready to sell all of Tursha for a penny!" I really sell her, but not for a penny, but tens of thousands, which umfl will live very soon. He lied, co-

certainly, a lot, but always with meaning and interest. He developed a grandiose plan for organizing a worldwide counter-intelligence mission. He could give agents in Turkey, Austria, Germany, Schweshi, Itami, and even on the Sandwich Islands. He speaks so fascinatingly, with such obvious knowledge of the dfl, that even now I cannot but agree that he is largely right in developing the theory of wrestling by piponage. It was all about money, of course. With money, he undertook to take possession of the whole of Turshcha. "Goeben" and "Breslau" were, of course, in addition.

"Non-cannons to take the Dardanelles," he finished pathetically, "and we are with you!"

I'm sorry, it was necessary to have the millions of millions and a huge allowance for him in the sense of disposing of these millions. And I didn't have either. His late arrivals in Tours, his undoubted connections there, and, finally, the news he managed to deliver to us, all this proved that he enjoys special rights and confidence from the Turkish government. On the territory of Romania, he also enjoyed special rights, as a secret agent of our counter-intelligence. He bought from us dobf1e to him, selling Tursha, and apparently used Tursha's dofram, selling her

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Rosey. He traded, how to say, for the volume of vouchers. It was, in a way, Azef by piponage. It was all about buying more from him than he could sell at our expense. But I think it's best not to use the services of such Azefs at all, no matter how tempting they are. I don't know how in the political search they looked at the work of provocateurs® after the story of Azef, when provoking him even reached the point of a terrorist act - the murder of Vel. Prince Serzh Alexandrovich, but I think that in the fight against pipo it would be even more dangerous to use their services. The Rumanian Minister of the Interior, when I obtained from him a permit for Ekserdealan for the right of residence in Iasi, strongly urged me not to trust Exerdayan and, above all, to arrest him as a pion.

When meeting with me, the ex-resident insisted, among other things, that I give him permission to enter Sevastopol for a personal report, his project on organizing foreign agents. He persuaded me for a long time in the interests of dfl skorze, with his participation, to raise all important questions. Obviously, he was not only hot-flooded, but also extremely necessary. it was dimo to get into Sevastopol, but I

bitterly refused him this. Ekserdaman and I parted ways, not completely satisfied with each other (he, of course, is a bolfe, what am I), but we agreed to soon wind up the wind, and to get a decent jackpot, which I gave him, to a certain extent, to calm him down.

I had one more business in Galatz. The Romanian authorities arrested two Russian sailors from the Potemkin on charges of *cyponetv. They themselves expressed a desire to give a very important testimony, but for some reason they asked for a Russian officer.

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I interrogated them in prison. Showing them were homogeneous. Both of them took part in the Potemkin uprising and since then have been living in Rumish as political emigrants. Their life was so hard, they wanted to return to their homeland. so strongly that they more than once wanted to surrender to the hands of justice, if only to leave the life of the wanderers. Since the beginning of the war, they have repeatedly petitioned for pardon, expressing their readiness to enter the active army. The result of these petitions was unexpected. To them phal ruesyuy gendarme and obfshal to arrange permission for them to return to their homeland if they undertake to secretly carry out dynamite in Tiraspol, which they receive from the Austrian consul in Galatz. The gendarme explained to them that this dynamite was intended by the Austrians to blow up the railway bridge across the Dnfetra, but that, in the light of the authorities of Romanian neutrality, they could not arrest the zd\$s\$, in Galatz, the Avetrayian consul, who was in charge of this dflo, and assume to capture only dynamite on Russian territory. They did not agree with this story, but were willing to agree in order to reveal the secret of this dflo, having decided to act with caution in advance. The gendarme brought them to a Romanian who served in the prefecture, to whom he said: "They agree, act!" Rueskago gen darma they no longer saw. They were already conducting web negotiations directly with the last Romanian policeman. A few days later, they were actually called and taken to some private apartment, where they were met by the secretary of the Austrian consul and agreed with them how and where they

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start dynamite and to whom they should hand it over. Austria

explained to them that in anticipation of the Romanians, they can be completely calm, since they will be "guarded" all the way and help to cross the border, after which they must be very careful and accurately execute it prescriptively,

° which they receive on the way. That same night they were taken to the cellars of the Austrian consulate, and the same Austrian gave them a box of dynamite, ° documents for a trade union and money. Having received the dynamite, they safely drove him to Yass, all the way thinking what they were up to. They did not lie to the Russian gendarme and were convinced that he himself would arrest them like a pipon with dynamite, as soon as they crossed the Russian border. It seemed to them that the simplest thing was to leave their dangerous baggage and hide themselves with the money they received at any station without reaching the border, but they were strictly monitored with the fate of, again, the same Romanian policeman. After some hesitation, they decided to report to all the Romanian authorities, thinking that by doing so they would even deserve a reward. But things have turned for them

° worse than they thought. They were arrested, the dynamite was taken away, & they themselves were sent back to Galati, where after several interrogations they were released, but it was forbidden to leave Galati. "We lived all the time in terrible fear," they said. "The Russian gendarme came to us and threatened to shoot us. Romanian, serving in the prefectures, did us all sorts of dirty tricks. The Austrian pppons knew us, and we could expect their revenge on the failure of their namfresh. That is why we were glad when Rummyusha entered the war, and we were arrested again, like ppponov. " Their testimony was largely confirmed by the distance

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the worst intelligence razvfdkoy. Russai gendarme, of course, was not discovered by a true story, and his fate in the present dflV was not completely clarified. Was it really a gendarme, who learned from his previous practice all the benefits of a provocateur, and in order to receive an award, he himself contributed to the Austrian and Romanian pppons in order to catch them on the m5et of a crime, or was it a true story just a pipon who prefers that the risk was carried by a friend, and only profits remained to his share - it's hard to say. But in general, the complicity of the Austrian consul, the Romanian police officials and the Russian gendarme is a confused story and could only be possible with the dual policy that the Romanian led. Indeed, a corrupt country and demoralized from above even before the war

to the bottom.

CHAPTER GU.

At the beginning of 7 o'clock in the morning, when I had already woken up, but was still lying in bed, I suddenly heard a dull thud, a slight shudder of the whole house and the rattling of glass. My first thought was about shaking the earth, then about the explosion of powder magazines. I look out the window and see a fly over the Bay of Sevastopol, a stack of smoke and a huge black cloud hanging over the city. I don't have time to get dressed yet, how to get me on the phone, that the battleship "Marya" exploded in the bays, anchored, and that all the authorities vyfkhali on the catastrophe. I immediately went to Grafekuyu pier and, getting out on a boat into the bay, I saw a terrible picture. The smoke has not yet cleared completely. Wood chips from a wrecked ship floated all over the bay. The armadillo was already lying on its side, and bloody, tormented people were floundering all around in the water. Veyudu heard soul-rending cries. How many boats rescued drowning people. Admiral Kolchak was already there. The battleship held out for some more time, then with a roar turned its keel up and slowly sank into the water. Everything was over. The beauty of the Black Sea Fleet is gone! Marla is dead.

During this terrible catastrophe, more than 400 people died and about 700 were injured. Be gospi

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the hoists were full. The whole of Sevaetopol is dressed in mourning.

An educated special commission immediately set about investigating the causes of the disaster. The counter-intelligence, for its part, tried to clear up this nightmarish incident. From the interrogation of the sailors who were almost completely surviving, the picture of the catastrophe became clear enough. In the powder cellar under the bow tower, for some unknown reason, a fire broke out. Rising into the tower section, the smoke and gases puffed out the covers of the cannons. The alarm was sounded, and the team spfshno began to deploy fire hoses. A small explosion soon followed, revealing a fire, but no attempt was made to put it out to extinguish it, since almost immediately a terrible explosion of the powder magazine followed. Unfortunately, the most colorful witnesses, namely those who were closest to

mBetu explosion - of course, died. All the same, the sailors who were at the moment of the catastrophe at the other end of the battleship and therefore menfe suffered, despite all their desire to give a more or less definite indication, since, apparently, the question of the causes of the death of the battleship was deeply interested in them - nothing could not give a price. Unfortunately, it was not possible to find out what exactly caused the explosion, whether it was just an accident or a deliberate crime. The culprits were not found. Maybe they didn't exist, maybe they died. The sea buried this secret. The corollary, however, found out that access to; the armadillo of an outsider was not furnished with sufficient precautions. The "Mari" was undergoing constant repair work. Daily at 7 o'clock. morning "Marley" a boat approached and brought port workers of various specialties

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distances. Their number was determined by a well-known outfit, but there was no strict check of them when entering the battleship. There was no census of names. Who exactly among the workers got on this or that day in the outfit - it was not known. No records were kept, and the work was given, as it happened. Masters came with their tools and bundles, in which they brought their obfd. At the same time, no one examined them, and at the end of the work, the number of those rushing to the shore did not turn up. Sometimes some workers stayed overnight and spread out for the night, wherever they pleased, without much supervision. With such arrangements, it was impossible even to find out who exactly was working on the eve of the explosion, and whether all the workers got off the ship for the night. So one sailor testified that, leaving the cockpit at about one o'clock in the morning and heading for the dressing room, he ran into two workers with a lantern in the dark corridor, but did not pay special attention to this, since the workers very often remained for night work. Judging by this display, any slave could safely stay overnight on an armadillo and freely go wherever he pleases. Of course, it was not possible to get into the powder magazine, remaining uncovered, but when working in the cockpit or in the lower tower room! And it was not difficult to lower any object through the fans.

Much attention was also paid to the fact that the explosion did not occur from the cause that lies in the composition of the projectiles, the magic is still insufficient from the resulting diseases of the new explosive. There can be only one answer to this question: "POSSIBLE."

The arrest of the flag of a number of workers, made, so to speak, more "for order", and interrogation of them, who

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Of course, I didn't give any results, and I couldn't give them. A special investigative committee on the basis of a very extensive, but not very valuable material, you carried your decision, which should have been expected, but which, of course, could not please anyone, namely, that the explosion occurred, probably, from the spontaneous combustion of gunpowder on unexplored causes, but, however, it is also possible to assume the presence of a nefarious malice.

So, the thought was also allowed about the possibility of acting with malicious intent. "Perhaps" is a short saovo, but what a horror it is from him in this catastrophe. And if, to the horror of all Rosai, the best armadillo really died at the hands of the Shona, then wouldn't it be better to give at least the head of the provocateur Ekserdiayan a milshon, but to prevent the death of the armadillo and thousands of human victims. And if one person could blow up an armadillo, then couldn't "Ekserdaman and I, as he said, take the Dardanelles." There is something to think about. But this should have been thought about earlier, and not when the Black Sea buried in its waters the support and beauty of the Black Sea Fleet and forever covered the mystery of its death with cold waves.

CHAPTER W.

I received a new assignment and at night boarded a destroyer, leaving for Sulin, when the head of the counter-intelligence secretly told me that a telegram had just been received about the abdication of Emperor Nicholas II and about the seizure of power by the Provisional Government headed by Kerenskym. By order of the commander of the Black Sea Fleet, it was strictly forbidden to divulge this message until the details and degree of reliability of the coup d'état were clarified. According to the sdflannago order, all mail and all telegraph messages were detained for this time. However, I was authorized to secretly warn the chief of naval defense Ust. Danube Admiral F. in Sulin \$, where I am Fhal.

Sulin is a nasty little town. One embankment along a muddy canal and a few old, ruined houses. Daily arrivals of Ger-

Manskme airplanes continued their natural destruction with explosive bombs. In a heavy mood, I slowly walked along the embankment and looked around dejectedly at the deserted streets, when my attention was drawn to the strange behavior of the sailors. For some reason, they quickly turned off the embankment

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Noah and hid in the yards. I anxiously looked at the sky, expecting to see a German airplane, but the sky was clear, and there was nothing threatening life around. I became interested, turned off the embankment and, going up to two sailors hiding under the gate, asked about the reasons for their panic.

"Admiral go!" said one of them.

"So what?" I asked, perplexed.

The sailors hesitated.

"Why are you hiding?"

"Severe ... very strict!"

However! I thought. It must be not in the MFR system admiral! Somehow he will react to a coup d'état.

I came to see him a little later at the headquarters, also with involuntary fear, and explained to him the purpose of my business trip. In Sulin, the head of the counter-intelligence point was Captain P. Admiral, who complained to us about his extremely restless character and asked, if possible, either to put him to sleep, or to kill the cfm with something else. Captain P. really bombarded the admiral with dones and complaints about the Romanians in such a quantity that, according to the admiral, he had no choice but to deal only with these informs. Captain P. looked at the Romanians as if they were traitors and pipons, and insisted on the arrest of almost all Romanian authorities located in Sulin. Not meeting the admiral's sympathetic neck in this regard, he found some satisfaction in the fact that he himself scolded all the Romanians, sometimes positively fought with them, in addition to the admiral, arrested several officials, and the admiral, willy-nilly, had to get involved in this story so as not to

create a sickening conflict. Captain P., in turn, complained to me about the admiral, reproaching him for inactivity and connivance. According to him, he led the most correct attack against the ipons, which, according to his many \$ 5nsh, were all the Romanians in Sulin \$.

When I announced to the admiral that by order of the chief of counter-intelligence, captain TsP. transferred to Ishmael, and a person will be assigned to him. When he sent Brennago, the admiral was very happy. Then I informed him about the coup d'état that had taken place. It is difficult to say what the admiral felt and experienced at the same time, but he took it out of the air rather calmly.

I stayed in Sulin for a few days and I had to get to know the admiral a little closer. As my first impression, so all my further acquaintance with him, did not at all correspond to the image that I could make from my own observation of the sailors fleeing from him. This is a true story of an amiable and courteous person and boss. And in society, he was simply not a true story, in the sense of umBuy to raise the general to the tune and fun.

It is interesting that much later, when Odessa was occupied by French troops, when Admiral F. was the commander of the naval defense corps, and I was an officer of his headquarters, he somehow remembered my friend Sulin and confessed that at that time it was true that I przzhal with a hasty tsflyu to conduct observation of him. Of course, the tasks of the counter-intelligence included the observation of the air force, but I don't know if the admiral's founders were in this way to understand my business trip. I remember more

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one identical case. In 1917, when I was the head of the counter-intelligence detachment of the Nikolaevsky ralaon, the orderly of the commander of the Nikolaev port, Admiral P., very often came to my office with orders or official packages or to take them to be sent to Sevas poplar. This reassured Admiral P. that he was ordered to be my secret agent and give me secret information about him. Of course, I tried to dissuade him.

From this I deduce that counter-intelligence was afraid not only of the German pipons, but also of the Russian admi-

raly, - I'm only afraid that both t and drupe are not thorough enough.

From Sulina I went to Kiel for a few days to assist our official in order to organize counter-intelligence there and force him to be more active. In contrast to Captain P., this official was very passive about his appointment, being convinced that hundreds of pipons were crossing the border, and that no counter-intelligence would do anything here. In this regard, he was completely in sympathy with the opinion of Admiral T., who, in the commission formed by me in the city of Nikolaev for the development of emergency mfrs for the protection of Nikolaev shipbuilding plants, categorically stated that he had accepted! you wear it completely useless, because it doesn't matter what you want, then you eat it. But our official did something dflal all the same. He brought two secret apartments to the city, where he gathered his agents, invited calls and got drunk with them, & then sent them off hunting

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in the Dunaysk, reeds and tam vyelvzhival and podtrflival nipons, like hares.

I had to close the secret apartments, in one of which I even found two girls who had supposedly settled temporarily, and stop a kind of hunting, arranging constant military pickets with the consent of the military authorities. After this

the official was finally disappointed in the counter-razvfdk and soon he himself asked for a permit to go to Sevastopol to surrender his post.

From Kishi, I went to Izmail, where Captain P. ZdBeon, transferred from Sulin, was already at the head of the counter-intelligence. According to the svdfshy agents, it's true that through the Danube under the guise of refugees from the areas already conquered by the Nazis (at that time the NFMs had already approached the Danube and were shelling Galatz), a mass of shipons and agitators seeped into Izmail. The military units were detained in the reeds of the Danube all over the river indiscriminately and brought to it in whole groups of 30-40 people. How to make out in this crowd which of them is really a bzhenets, who is a pip, seemed to me completely impossible. But Captain P. was convinced that nothing could be easier than that. "And Ipona looks like a face," he warned me. Mug, of course, mug, but some kind of agent,

the former bailiff in Izmail, demoted by the revolutionary, ubfdil him that the Germans, for their unimpeded return through the front, put on the front of the Germans special brands, which he himself allegedly saw in some confessed ptzons. Captain P. poofed this nonsense and therefore looked at not only the "mug", but also the z-tsu, looking for this peculiar visa on it.

It so happened that I was still in Ishmael, when Admiral F., who received

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new appointment. Seeing me again, he apparently completely killed that I was sacrificing for him, and therefore, as it seems to me now, he acknowledged him, tried to hasten my departure to Sevastopol. He told MNF that he was going to send very urgent secret packages addressed to the commander of the Black Sea Fleet and asked me to deliver them to their destination as soon as possible, for which he offered to use the destroyer departing for Sevastopol. Since I myself had nothing more to do to Ishmael and wanted to return home by Easter, I, of course, took advantage of this opportunity and on the same day I was already in Sevastopol \$.

CHAPTER 1.

Admiral Kolchak, of course, did the right thing, with due caution, that until the coup d'état that had taken place in Petrograd was fully clarified, he did not immediately announce the marriages he had received and thus forced the entire Black Sea fleet and Sevastopol to live an extra two days of monarchs. However, later on this was brought to his attention. OK

Revolutionary, greeted with great enthusiasm and in a new bright era in the history of Rosai, was not reflected in Sevastopol in any obscure shocks. I would even say that in the Sevaetopol revolution the volition did not even introduce significant changes. Everything remains, as it were, as before. The newly formed Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies was striking in its loyalty, and it was treated with due respect. There were no eco-processes on his part, and cooperation with him was considered not only possible, but also desirable. But there was one circumstance that confused a lot of people. It's a shame to form a Provisional Government. Ve\$, it seemed, expected that after overthrowing the monarchy, people should enter the Provisional Government, clothed

the highest degree of people's dovfray, so to speak, public idols, and not random persons, capturing

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chennya folk verses and, like soap bubbles, brought to the surface. In particular, I was astounded and even simply outraged by the leadership of the poor lawyer from the Jews, Sashka Kerensky. In our counter-intelligence department, officials of the police department served as head of external observers, who categorically declared that Kerensky was well known as a provocateur who betrayed his comrades - workers in the Social Democrats party. And now this secret employee of the department, polish, provocateur and traitor, became the head of the Provisional Government!

Of course, Kerensky, with his ability to lie and mean, can object to this supposedly "low slander of the former guards," but what was the point of lying then, I don't understand. And zatfm, didn't Kerensy provoke the whole revolution, betraying it into the hands of the Bolsheviks? And how he provoked. Only an experienced old secret police officer could invent such a provocation without a bloody revolution.

The revolutionary activity of counter-intelligence has introduced some changes. The soviet of workers and associates of deputies at first imfl a very vague concept of counter-intelligence and therefore naturally fell upon her, mixing her simply with a security flash. The connection of the counter-intelligence with the gendarmerie managers, the officials of the department of police serving with us, the secret agents, among whom were the former agents of the security detachment - all this gave reason to think that the counter-inflationary otdfleyushe should be given the same political dflas as the former gendarme from the army.

In view of this, it was necessary to acquaint the Soviet of the workers and soldiers of the deputies, not only with

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counter-intelligence tasks, nothing to do with politics, but also with the whole setting of the dfla. The delegate chosen for this function was forced to listen over the course of several evenings to a number of instructive lectures, after which a special commission was formed with the participation of the same delegate on the question of reforms of the counter-revolutionary movement in the spirit of revolution.

- This commission, first of all, decided, in the framework of expanding the activities of the counter-intelligence and its productivity, to divide the area included in its VFDF into 5 parts and in each of them to establish an independent counter-intelligence department with a special chief at the head, with their subordination to all headquarters of the commander of the Black Sea Fleet.

Rishenle it was quite pzlesoobrazny, but it also had its bad sides. Lately, business has already been established with us. All communications were grouped in our departments and zatBm, according to belonging, were sent to divisions for further development. Everything was done under the guidance of one person, the head of the department, an experienced worker. When the new reform was carried out, the unity fell apart, all the collected material had to be broken into pieces, which is why its value disappeared. The new chiefs of the divisions that had formed had to get acquainted with vast material that was new to them. All this, of course, was supposed, although temporarily, to interrupt the established work, and much had to be started anew.

Hall\$m Komisai recognized the necessary production. conduct a thorough cleaning of the staff. The officials of the Polish department and the agents of the former gendarmerie detachments were fired. This measure deprived the counter-intelligence of experienced workers,

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in some respects, even unaffected. But this could not be avoided and had to yield to the revolutionary spirit. During the development of the staff and the appointment of the heads of the divisions, it was expressed the wish that the counter-intelligence divisions, if possible, without violating the conspiracy, would work in contact with the Soviets. And. With. d.

As already an experienced worker, I was appointed head of the counter-intelligence department in the city of Nikolaev, the area of \u200b\u200bwhich I considered to be the most serious in the fight against opposing people who were in Nikolaev. shipbuilding factories. With new powers, I went to the city of Nikolaev for the organization of the lower counter-developmental division on new principles.

CHAPTER UP.

In Nikolaev, we already had organized agents, but their activities were not productive enough. The starter officer, who was in charge of agents in Nikolaev, very carefully collected material, but did not know what to do with it. I had to go to Sevastopol to understand his undercover reports and direct him to further development. Even such an event as a fire at the Baltic Shipbuilding Plant, during which all the batteries delivered to the plant for a new submarine were killed, did not cause a comprehensive whitewashing on his part, and all that was limited to a detailed report on the size of the fire and the damage caused, which differed very little from the newspaper reporter's zamfghi.

I went to Nikolaev incognito and lived for several days, getting acquainted with the city and factories, without putting even the head of the agent in ignorance. First of all, I poefitil BaltyekY - backwater. If we take into account that the work on two submarines was quickly ending at the Batiya plant, if you know what a great secret during the war is the launching of each sailor unit of the fleet, then, of course, when I enter the plant, I

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one must have been struck by the complete absence of any precautionary measures in this respect.

I was in civilian clothes (not even in military clothes), no one knew me, and tfm no one understood who I was and why I came to the backwater. All the gates were wide open, and anyone who wanted to freely passed through them. I went through the yard, entered the main factory wing, walked around the foreman, stopping to inspect some machines and the work of the workers - and no participation whatsoever. Interested in the extent to which Russian negligence would reach, I began to ask the workers how soon the boat would be completed, when its descent was appointed - but to my surprise I received all willing answers. Then I went around from the other side of the boat and began to climb along the wooden flooring to the yalBea that stood around. The windy mnf master finally stopped me in my insolence.

"Where are you going?" he asked, however, so. as if even by chance, just out of curiosity.

"On the iodine" - I replied.

„Zachfm 2“

"Look!"

"No," he said calmly.

"It's a pity," I said in the same tone, and began to fly down with him.

We went down in silence, I again walked around the aodka, examining it from all sides and, no longer hiding my pronsh, loudly in the presence of the old man Tera asked the workers:

"So you say that the boat will be sent through Nedflu 2"

Ve \$ silently exchanged glances with the master, op looked suspiciously at me.

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"Yes, remember what do you need?" Approaching the myth of the he is strong.

"Nothing!" I turned and went.

He did not immediately catch up with me.

"Who will you be? he asked, muttering iis. Anger choked me.

"Passer-by!"

"How are you passing by?"

"And so, the passer-by, who went through the whole factory, all the workshop"

"You can't walk here"

"But how do I know? ... the gates are open, people can go." "The people are all workers.

The master gave me another suspicious glance from head to toe. Two workers joined him. I was waiting for this comedy to end.

"Let's go to the manager!"

"That's the thing, it's dbloo that I'm looking for him myself, but I went around the whole creek, but I didn't find him!"

"Here, I'll take you! Let's go!"

"Let's go," I agreed, and, accompanied by him and two workers, directed me to the manager's house.

Entering a small fenced garden, we all went up to the balcony, on which, at a set table, was the plant manager, engineer Sh. In front of him stood a coffee appliance and an open bottle of cognac. Fri. continued to drink coffee when the master reported to him about mnf. |

"Well, what else is it?" he asked with displeasure, being muffled red for normal, re, OT drunk cognac.

"Yes, sir, it is not known who, approached the boat and began to ask ... I don't know what he needs!"

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"That's not all," I added. "I went around the whole plant and became a craftsman."

"And let me know, what am I talking about?" Sh. asked me menacingly.

"I, the head of the counter-intelligence department of the headquarters of the commander of the Black Sea Fleet, trying to be as calm as possible in order to enhance the effect," I answered. "Here, with a special order from the commander, to accept the most stringent protection of the factories."

"The effect of my words is true, apparently, no less than when the gendarme appeared on the last day of the act of the "Inspector General ". For a while there was literally a silent scene. Zat'm Sh. Gradually offering me a chair, he himself (perhaps out of excitement) began to literally run around the table, furiously scolding all the administration of the plant, the workers, the existence of the order (not only at the plant, but in general in Russia), trying to blame everything , apart from oneself.

Work, seeing chfm was over, posfshno removed.

I understood that I had acted a little recklessly, revealing my incognito in the presence of a worker.

sneeze, but on the one hand, I could not contain my anger and the desire to defiantly vent it on Sh. and on the other hand, I wanted the workers to be visually convinced in the ugly setting of the protection of the plant and so that my breeze would make a strong impression on them. In this regard, I was not mistaken. Afterwards, my agents reported to me that they had told me more about my unexpected job, about how I personally was in disorder at the factory and the manager's "problem", and that now different troubles would come. Keli it

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compelled the workers to be more cautious and more talkative, then my zfl was reached to a veiled degree. But I will return to Sh.

My first impression of Sh. was the most unfavorable for him. True, he was a little drunk and caught me, as it were, by surprise, but all my last impressions on seeing him only strengthened my initial impression. I positively wonder how such a "type" could hold such a responsible position. Knowing that I would not find guards at his factory, but a complete criminal disgrace, he would warn me with his explanations, imitating the character of justification. Everything that he dflal, no matter how hard he tries, everything shao is bad! The plant is not sufficiently equipped, the most necessary tools are not enough, the amounts released are not enough, all his petitions remain unsatisfied! It was not even possible to arrange fire-fighting equipment. The fire destroyed the most petty warehouse, but because there was nothing to extinguish, and the backwater stands on the river!

I knew that he would approach this fire, and asked him, as if knowing nothing:

"And why did the fire happen?"

"And the devil knows why," he answered, as it seemed to me deliberately cheeky. "Some enemies say I'll set it on fire myself," he added with a feeling of deep indignation.

But even this is outrageous, and this bold phrase of his did not please me very much. Of course, I was not an experienced safdoveller in criminal matters, but there was something opposite in his crooked smile, as if artificial, in his eyes, too impudent, in the solemnity with which he. it said, - and mnb it seemed involuntarily that

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he did this with the audacity of a criminal, thinking that he could tell the suspected TB himself, which the safdator might have, the best way to make him convinced of their unfoundedness.

Official investigation, interrogations of the flag of a number of witnesses, documentary seizures, undercover intelligence - everything gave me a sufficient basis for ubf child's guilt Sh. an apartment, with some kind of dbvice in a hotel room, where they found him with difficulty only in the morning, when the fire was almost over, completely drunk. This girl immediately after the fire disappeared to no one knows where. The fire, which started in the apartment of Sh. on the upper floor, with some suspicious speed penetrated to the lower floor, where for some reason a few cylinders of gasoline were temporarily extinguished. Batteries that had just been delivered and had not even been unpacked yet were in the next compartment, which, by order of Sh., were transferred from another compartment two days before the fire. From the entrance to the lower floor was located at Sh. The main fire hydrant was in the workshop for repairs, and the other crane turned out to have a broken sleeve. The fire pump didn't work. None of the three telephones walking on the territory of the plant operated, and the city's fire brigades, therefore, were fired only when the entire building was already on fire.

I will not cite the whole safe mother, who sanctified Sh.'s activity as a German yipon. This activity was manifested in all orders Sh.

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materials, to artificially slow down work on the construction and submarines, to excite workers, to distribute all kinds of advertisements to factories, etc. Wishing to hide his Germanic origin, Sh. did not find anything smart, how to translate his surname into Russian, and steel to be called Evfzdin. However, not only his German origin was officially proven, but also his constant connection with Germash, where his mother, a German subject, who, already during the war, managed to visit Russia twice and return back to Germasha. At the windows of the chan after childhood, I stood in front of the commander

Black Sea Fleet about the immediate arrest of Sh., but the commander found it necessary to send my entire report to the discretion of the Minister of Marine. As a result, two commissions arrived in Nikolaev at the same time. One, official, consisting of one admiral, two military investigators and a prosecutor, the other - unofficial - sent by the workers of the Baltic Plant to St. Petersburg, consisting of elected workers. The first commission began again to carry out an official investigation of the fire on children, leaving aside all the rest of the material that I had collected about the activities of the PT. The second is that it once fooled Sh.'s activity as a German agent. My agents soon established that Sh. had his own agents, who monitored not only the workers' commission, but also all the workers who were supplemented at my direction by the commission. All of these workers fell victim to 11., for which the commission soon had to stop its work, and she was completely relieved of the guilt of Sh. , and most importantly, its explanation

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yami, found in his performance not criminal, but his inexperience and unsuitability for plant management. Behind the stones vyfkhal in St. Petersburg and Sh. vmfetB himself with his closest secret collaborator, foreman of the plant K., who was sacred in the All-Russian Federation, to Sh. For some reason, he had a lot of quarreling with his employee, who was under the wing of the workers of the plant and some of his own considerations, which Sh did not like. Some kind of quarrel broke out between them, after which Sh. and K. began to get drunk.

Sh. by order of the Minister of the Navy was dismissed from the post. Returning back to Nikolaev vmfet with Sh., Mayer K. fell into the car for no apparent reason and was delivered to Nikolaev in a hopeless state. Doctors could not figure out the causes of the disease, and the disease itself. The sick man, however, before Samon's death came to his senses and suddenly began to beg Christ God the doctor and sister of mercy, so that he would be given the opportunity to live one more hour, since he wanted to repent of something 'terrible', and to discover one greatness lie down, and at the same time insisted that the chief of counter-intelligence be called to him. They let me know by phone, and I immediately froze, but unfortunately the patient had already fallen into agony and died half an hour later, without regaining consciousness. Open the corpse

made at my insistence, no signs of poisoning were found, but his death still remained a mystery. Sh., ignorant of this story, locked himself in his apartment

and, without relinquishing his post, betrayed "nyanetva. -Oya drank if for a few days, and fear began with him

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seizures. He locked the doors with all the locks, forced the windows with cabinets, hid in the dark, you ran, sometimes, sitting down with a revolver, assuring that he was being followed by agents of counter-intelligence who were hiding behind the doors or in the attic, shooting in the closet with dresses and, finally, he drank himself to a high fever or went crazy. He died in the hospital shortly after the death of his accomplice.

At the Naval plant and at the Pipe Plant, the security was much better. Entrance to the creek was only possible with special tickets, and workers with their own numbers. Inside the factory there was a boafé of order. Fire-fighting equipment, especially for the Naval plant, turned out to be in excellent condition - but still, I covered up a lot of omissions in the semys of the protection of factories and the secrets of state work.

The protection of the factories was put by me at the head of the task of counter-intelligence. I understood, in the peculiarities of the aftermath of the death of the Marie, that the capture of a few shshuns is not the most secure essential state interests, and that the fight against them will be of great benefit if it is aimed at paralyzing their activity. In particular, in Nikolaev, all the essential significance of which was in shipbuilding plants, it was necessary, first of all, to pay attention to the protection of the plants from the penetration of malicious elements into them.

In this respect sovft r. and s. etc., with whom I worked in full contact, provided the myth with great support. A special commission formed by me with the participation of the directors of the all-farm factories and the all-air vaastey of the city of Nikolaev to consider the project for the protection of factories and cities presented by me

, built (electric station, telegraph, water

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pitching, etc.) worked out. special rules and maps, which could only be carried out in life thanks to the soft software. There were

a meeting of workers was arranged, at which the councils, according to the instructions drawn up by me, explained to the workers the tasks of counter-intelligence and the need for exceptional security measures introduced at the factories. The workers were instilled that it was their own responsibility to protect the factories, and that all the strictness in the sense of controlling them and fulfilling them by mandatory and decreed commissions was established not only in the interests of the state, but also in their own interests, protecting them from deliberate catastrophes, the victims of which First of all, they flail themselves more efficiently. Soft working and soldier. den. but it was proposed to me, he formed his own secret agents at each plant, which weakened the implementation of the established rules by the workers. The workers of the factories, through their elected officials, helped the administrators of the factories to put into practice the developed rules of control and protection. - Many of my reports were considered directly as a slave. and soldier. denut. and they were cited

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In a better way, removing me from the responsibility and discontent of the workers. According to the instructions of counter-intelligence, the soviet carried out searches and arrests at the plant and at the workers, and my significance, thanks to success, only increased among the workers.

One case finally ended the solidarity of counter-intelligence with the Sovft. From intelligence agents, I learned that a group of anarchist workers had formed at the Naval plant, who planted a small secret deposit of explosive bombs on the territory of the plant. My agents found out all the members of this organization and found a warehouse location. I showed up in my own room and reported. about this.. Some

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the members of the soft (anarchists) told me that they are ethnim izvftny, that they are members of the anarchist party, and not shions, and therefore are not subject to counter-intelligence. I objected that counter-intelligence is completely apolitical, and therefore I am far from persecuting them as anarchists, but in the factory guards I cannot allow explosives to be stored in the factory premises, regardless of who they will belong to. Soft agreed with me and from a distance the order, according to which the workers, regardless of their political convictions, were strictly forbidden to bring to the factories and store on their territory! and explosives. After that, a member of the council, an anarchist, took all the svfdshya from me and ordered to accept all the mfrs for the selection of bombs.

Despite all my desire to put the counter-insurgency completely on the sidelines of the political struggle, in which I see the guarantee of the success of my

work and cooperation with the totality, I had to not menfe oppose the Bolsheviks at their first appearance in Nikolaev \$.

I received from the headquarters that agitators of Bolshevism, the small dews of the Baltic Fleet, appeared in Sevastopol, and that after the flag of a series of meetings organized by them on ships and factories, they flew with the same flag to Nikolaev. In the telegram I received, it was indicated that the said sailors were imfyut, obviously, fake mandates. I was instructed to accept the air force to prevent them from organizing rallies and propaganda of strikes, which could have a very harmful effect on the exit to Sevastopol of the new battleship Volya, which had already been launched.

According to my report to the Soviet on the transfer, a new sailor was designated to Nikolaev and about tkhm m5rah,

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which should be taken jointly for the end of the work and the exit of Volya to Sevastopol, - mnfyushya the joint venture. Some insisted on verifying the mandates of the pr? Bkhashih mal roeov and, in case of falsity, expel the sailors as malicious agitators, another you said for allowing them to organize rallies "in tsfayakh by uniting moods and exchanging thoughts with representatives, even if they were not authorized, Baltic Fleet. Mnfyue first triumphed in the sense that it was necessary to prevent the organization of rallies and, if necessary, to stop the dangerous activities of the sailors. Because of this, when the Baliyswe sailors came to the Soviet, they did not greet a welcoming welcome. According to the clarified! and the mandates presented by them, they were told that they could not, in their doubtfulness, act as authorized representatives of the Bali fleet. However, the sailors managed to organize illegally, that is, without the permission of the soft, a rally at the Badtjekom plant, but they did not have any success. Firstly, without the assistance of the soft, the sailors managed to gather a relatively small part of the workers for a rally, and then a member of the soft, when they spoke as delegates of the Baltic Fleet, declared that their mandates were doubtful, which deprived them of their proper authority. Iz their agitashi nothing came out. Nika

no resolution was passed, and the efficiency of the plant was not violated by any decrees.

This episode, in itself, is not particularly important, it did not menfe show how far away were the work of the Nikolaev plant and itself. and r. e. away from Bolshevism, which is already

klokotal in Pegrograd and prepared a new horror for Rosali. |

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Working together with the Soviet, I saw his lively participation and desire to work for the good of Rosai. I also see the great benefit of his tireless activity in all directions of the state and economic life of Rosai. Unfortunately, it was very short-lived... The lists of all the workers sent to the "Vol" to Sevastopol to continue working there were checked out by the Soviets and sent to me by order. It was enough for me to point out that this or that worker was not completely trustworthy, and I would strike him out and replace him with another. At my suggestion, special security measures were worked out when the Volya went out to sea, and the workers themselves carried out guard duty. In two days, about 25 people were arrested, whose connection with the former Austrian consul F. and all the subsequent activities aroused fundamental fears in the counter-intelligence. Members of the council unselfishly rendered their assistance in the production of arrests and searches, on the basis of which criminal prosecution was initiated against some of those found guilty of espionage.

"Will" safely entered the Sevaetopol Bay. The squadron solemnly winded, its salute. On all ships, decorated with flags, music thundered. An unceasing cheer swept across the bays. The elegant crowd joyfully welcomed her from the boulevard, and hydroplanes proudly soared into the air and threw fresh flowers.

These were the last clear days of the Black Sea Fleet.

CHAPTER VIII.

Kerenekey, who for so long fawned over the growing power of the esovfts, servilely servilely before Lenin and resorted to betrayal, just to keep his power, was finally thrown off the boot of a drunken sailor.

Kerensny b'fzhal, like Guda, having sold Kornilov's pieces of silver for 80 pieces of silver, but, unfortunately, did not povveiley, but having captured diamonds from the Hermitage on the most important occasion of the emperor, the first disappeared from

Rosei and now, like an eternal Jew, condemned himself to eternal damnation.

The Bolsheviks seized power and staged a bloody feast of their victory!

Counterintelligence is the first foreseeing the impending danger of Bolshevism. Standing on the sidelines of politics, the counter-intelligence of Vidfl in Lenin, first of all, the German agent. Reported counter-times about Lenin's past activities, about his connection with the German headquarters, about his receipt of German gold, were so convincing as to immediately raise him up that it was only deliberately possible not to understand this and see in Lenin not the traitor Rosan, but political fiend. The connivance with which the provisional government reacted to the activity of Lenin and K.

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captivity, which placed the seal of final condemnation on the entire provisional government. When Minister of Justice Pereverzev found it necessary to start an official disarmament, having delivered counter-intelligence, Tseretelli, Nekrasov, Tereshchenko and Chkheidze sided decisively with the traitor Lenin. Under their pressure, Pereverzev had to resign, and his successor, Zarudny and Malyantovich, opened the doors wide for Bolshevism, releasing the arrested Bolsheviks from the prison of the Vefkh. It was in vain that Kerensium then babbled in his own defense that he had not the strength to start a revolution in great days against his own comrades in the struggle against the autocratic state. Lenya, as a traitor, could not be a comrade to anyone, and Bereney was not afraid of being reproached for reaction, but simply, feeling weak, epfitil, like a lackey, run ahead and bow to the traitor in order to earn himself mercy for his obsequiousness and servility.

The great shocker Rosesh, like a thunderous blow, reached Sevastopol, Nikolaev and Odessa. In Sevastopol, a night of Varreolomeev was arranged. The shameless rally of officers began; bourgeois robbery, arrests of thousands of innocent victims of drunken bloody revelry.

Kolchak marked the death of the Black Sea Fleet, symbolically throwing his sword into the sea!

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V Nikolaev shipyards stood up, and their rapid plunder began. Machine guns were fired into the city for the first time. In Odeef, a long and stubborn battle took place between the Bolsheviks and the Ukrainians, with hundreds of human victims. I

Just like that I just drove off to Odessa and stopped at a Bristol hotel. Undermining nothing. I'm spuetilea in a restaurant in zavazal myself

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supper, waiting for the arrival of the chief of counter-intelligence of the Odessa region, with whom I agreed by telephone. Lieutenant G. pr1Bkhal with disturbing notes. Gorodom was occupied by the Bolsheviks. The state bank, the post office, the whole port are already occupied by them. On the wok behind the Ukrainian parts. A fight is expected. Advising me not to go out anywhere this evening, he hastily ufkhal.

I had not yet finished supper when the first Russian, as it were random, shots rang out. These were signals for the beginning of the battle, after which suddenly, like peas, rifle shots rained down, machine guns crackled and armored cars swelled. In the restaurant of the hotel, the yellow blinds were slowly lowered. The lobby of the hotel was filled with people, terrified looking for their own salvation. There was a lively talk of guests running around in fright on LBetnitz and in the corridors. I went up to my room and, just in case, took my Browning out of my suitcase and put it in my pocket. Izvfetny mnf, in its reliability, came to my room and whispered to me to stock up, before it was too late, provisions. I realized that this was not without prudence and ordered something very much. He very soon brought me a whole turkey, hot veal cutlets, a lot of bread, horses, cheese and a bottle of cognac. Poelf mnf came to pay the colossal bill, but I could only get away with it a little, because they came to me because, and itatya, neighbors in the room, completely unfamiliar ladies and dzli.

When I went down to the restaurant again, I saw a rather original picture, of course for that time. There was a tablecloth on the floor near the sideboard, taken from the last table. Some bearded man all in machine-gun belts, eat a rifle

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in his hands and with a pair of revolvers in his belt, he commanded menacingly, and two other gentlemen of the same kind removed from the buffet counter and put all the products on the tablecloth: ham ham, veal, meatballs, whole bar of butter, cheese, sardines, bread, in a word, everything that was in a beautiful order was put up by a foreboding barman. By-

next, all sweaty from fear, with shaking hands helped them wrap
mayuneses in paper
and jelly.

"Well, what else do you have?" asked the brave Schoner.

"Nothing!" I answered in a persuasive voice, barman.

"Well, and what is there, ow, a glacier? ^ The executor asked, going
behind the counter and opening the cabinets. "Beer? Stop it, let's
have a beer! Don't worry,' he said to the barman with an irosha,
seeing his bewildered look, 'you'll be overwhelmed for everything.
Tomorrow you can send invoices to any bank... I will send you the
order!"

The gentlemen tied up the ends of the tablecloth and, once
more inquisitively examining the sideboard and the entire
restaurant hall, as if thinking about what else could be useful to
them, left the restaurant with the silent perplexity of the waiters and
the assembled public. Nobody uttered a word throughout this
story. On vsfkh found a temporary onfmf1e, so even such
impudence could then strike!

After the departure of the bandits, we all felt as if we had been
publicly torn apart. Vlosafdetv! And when MNF had to be a
witness, as the Bolsheviks ordered in the house of one rich assistant,
turning chests and taking out even furniture - MNF was no longer
so terrible,

Ustinoe : Notes, | th

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how - being present at this first "naschyunalization of cabbage
soup" of the buffet.

There was a fight in the streets. Our hotel has turned into
a bastion. Machine guns were placed on two of its corner balconies.
At the entrance itself, an armored car rumbled, shaking the windows
and drowning out the embarrassed noise of the captives. In a
restaurant in sybkh, with the help of two sisters, a nice series of sisters
was organized as an infirmary, where the wounded were brought.
The sheets were torn for bandages, and tirelessly washing the sisters
all night long the dressings fell. The whole goetin nntsa resounded
with the groans of the wounded. In the Swiss room, three corpses
lay on the floor. Their faces were filled with mute horror.

At the same time, a crowd of armed soldiers went around
all the hotel rooms, making searches,

took away the weapons and arrested the officers. I was in my room when I was surrounded by this once brazen crowd of "comrades". I convulsively squeezed the revolver, still not knowing what I was rushing into. In addition to certifying the headquarters of the commander of the Black Sea Fleet, I have evidence that there was still a mandate of the Council of the R. and S. E. My significance, as the head of the counter-intelligence department, with the presence of the Soviet press, was obviously understood by them somewhat wrongly, which I thought out of their excessive courtesy with me. The "old man" apologized for intimidating me, and gave away even a fresh confirmation that my work had been done, assuring me that this would guarantee me from repeating the "negligent beziokoyetva". Damn, when they left, I felt so disgusting that I was forced to drink cognac in order to put my nerves in order.

All night, of course, no one slept. The firing, which had died down a little, resumed in the morning with even greater force. The restaurant was closed. The kitchen was

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plundered. Only a few lucky people managed to stock up on provisions. The service of the hotel at the risk of their lives was mined by some bread, for which they willingly paid 50-100 rubles. I fully appreciated the service of a dedicated officer who prudently provided me with food for more than three days. But when on the second day everyone began to literally starve, the MNF had to take on its dependents a few ladies and children. It was necessary to see with what touching gratitude to Fli's children my turkey!

But I'm not the only one who was so happy. Each one, who happened to have a supply of iprovant, spfshil dfl with others, as much as he could. All the rooms were open, and we often moved from one window to another in order to sit down for a fight. Before our eyes, for a long time the Ukrainian armored car fought off the onslaught of the Bolsheviks besieging it. The armored car deteriorated, but held on until the last day of its charge, after which it was taken by the Bolsheviks with triumphant cries, and all the Ukrainians on it were killed.

The battle continued for three days. Finally, flying flags appeared everywhere and cars driving around the city announced the end of the battle. At one moment, all the streets were filled with a delighted public. They all tried to look for food for themselves and apfshili to find out the news and indulge in their impressions. But after three terrible days, you breathed a sigh of freedom. And suddenly, to the new horror of vefh, shots were heard again and from houses, windows, black

bullets rained down in the dakov and cellars. Who was hitherto, from where they were attacked, where to go—nothing could be made out in that terrible turmoil that arose. With random shooting, bullets flew in all directions. On Deribasovskaya street

their

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bomb exploded. In a panic, Tolia rushed to Cathedral Square, but there she was hit by machine guns. They escaped in courtyards, cellars, and littered their faces, breaking the doors of the stairwells and the windows of prudently closing stores ... But many remained lying lifeless corpses.

The battle ended only at night, when the Ukrainians retreated, and the Bolsheviks finally took possession of the city.

CHAPTER 1X.

Allies are coming! Allies 'siasut Rosso! This last hope, after years of disappointment, hopeless hope for the overthrow of the Bolsheviks, from within seized the forces of the Bolshevik gang, oppressed by despotism and tyrants. The allies must save Dew! They waited every day! They were waiting for them in Petrograd, in Moscow, in Sevastopol, in Odessa ... they were waiting on the north side and to the south and were surprised at their inexplicable slowness. Many calculated exactly how many days the allied squadron needed to reach the coast of the Black Sea, and they were convinced that the squadron would already be standing at the Bod ogo Fountain. But the allies hesitated! What? Nobody can understand this! Days passed after days, but do not extinguish hopes. Great was the faith in the allies! |

So far, four years have passed, four terrible years, and there are people who are still waiting for this saving allied squadron. And every day I go to look at the sea, if the smoke seems to be wet, if the allies will finally understand their duty, if they will not speak in them, and will not come and save from the horrors of the extremely cultured sea swimmers and courteous Izantilomas, for saved! which, after the German defeat, so much Russian blood was shed in the great days of the world

roses

war. But no, vain hopes, nairasnaya silt
lu.

Finally, help has arrived. But how heavy, how insulting to our national pride!
Help Germans, our enemies! Help help the child, domineering, triumphant and
despising us!

The Germans entered Nikolaev without a fight. Having passed some early
in the morning, I suddenly saw German cars from the window of my room. There were few
of them, but even in their small numbers and in the calmness with which the
German officers in the fkhali entered the city, strength was felt. The troops of the
moor in the city are many positions and also in a very limited number.

But on the very next day, the whole city was broken up into sections, and
machine guns and cannons were sent along the streets. Web government and public
institutions were occupied and guarded by German troops. The orders of the
German command were pasted up all over the place, in which one could feel an
inflexible will and a false hand. The population epfshilo surrender weapons. After
the self-willed Bolshevik "Sun5" felt the oppression of German legality.

Three days passed quietly and calmly. But suddenly at night machine
guns crackled again and rumbled. guns. The m\$fet Bolsheviks came forward.
But the Germans 'collapsed with them quickly and terribly. Hundreds of houses
were burned down. The Bolsheviks were burned in. they can be with their families. The
whole bazaar perished in the fire. The cannons smashed many buildings. There were
thousands of dead and wounded. In two days it was all over. The Bolsheviks paid
dearly for their insane action! Life in the city was dying ... They were anxiously
waiting for a new action ... but the Bolsheviks no longer had the strength! The
Germans finally crushed them! |

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I'll burn the web of counter-intelligence dbla, hand over to them the procession
to the Port Office and, thinking that I've already finished my military service
forever, enyal Gbovomy "... E

But I was wrong...

I pirhal v Kev, where I thought it was possible to find peaceful labor sooner.
Although I didn't particularly succumb to the German invention - Ukrain, I had to
temporarily reconcile myself in the hope that it would soon be eradicated. Kev
was overflowing with officers without shoulder straps. These were already even
officers, but Ozhentsy, poor Bfzhentsy, driven by fate, without

the righteous, the homeless, the hungry, the worn out and exhausted morally and physically. They were outcasts, "people without a fatherland, which rejected them, forgetting all their deeds and sacrifices! Dejectedly, humbly, they wandered along the endless streets of Kev, feeling like strangers, rejected, forgotten in their own sovereigns.

And at the same time, raise the orchestra of music, proudly, beaten, with a sense of their dignity, well-fed and well-equipped, the German regiments marched along the streets of Kleva. Tolia enthusiastically looked at the slender ranks of the old soldiers.

And the Russian officer, diligently taking care of everything from his overcoat, was embarrassedly hiding in the top, afraid to show his deep grief, his involuntary tears. Bfdnye outcasts of the Russian Zemai! You didn't know then what a difficult way of the Cross was before you, and that there would be no end to your suffering. You will be bullied, harassed and beaten like swindlers! Vasya will be called, sent to death and torment, and as a reward, betray, throwing him as a sacrifice to your enemies! Sad udfi do-. became you, great martyrs, outcasts of the Russian land!

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The common fate of many thousands of Russian officers forced them to seek help in association. Various mutual aid unions were organized. The most numerous and, it seems, the most effective was the union of mutual assistance of intellectuals and warriors. The Union organized several separate enterprises, workshops, cooperatives, a canteen, artels, etc. The officers became craftsmen, shoemakers, newspapermen, musicians, and even office workers. So the great Russian army was gradually dispersed. But as soon as from somewhere far away, at first a weak, and then persistent call for officers to the volunteer army came, how hearts beat with joy, and everything was drawn there, where, freaked out, the Great Roseaya was reborn! We were filled with the readiness to once again give ourselves "only to the great service of the motherland ... But there were neither means nor strength ... Cut off by the Bolsheviks from the volunteer army, not the name of a proper informant and feeding on more rumors that were very unpredictable, and often fictitious, surrounded by all sorts of adventures and even betrayal, not the name of the environment, so that they could independently make their way into a volunteer army - only a few could fulfill their desires.

But still, gradually, one by one, organizing into groups, and even more often alone,

the officers threw their already familiar clothes and made their way to the Don to Denikin, into the ranks of the Volunteer Army.

With this goal in mind, I also chose to go to Odessa, then to Nikolaev, where I thought to find a relative and an opportunity to penetrate the anti-large view front as soon as possible. As in Odessa, so in Nikolaev, I managed to find separate representatives of the Volunteer Army, who collected officers in special

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militarizing privately with a flier of their otravka in the Volunteer Army. There were even too many of them, from various former regiments, but, unfortunately, no one ever had sufficient means for effective poisoning, and her dblo was limited only to drinking, registering and communicating. I signed up for Odess, signed up for Nikolaev, and waited for the results with the same unwavering indifference. Between tBm events were not expected, and life took on more and more bleak and unhappy forms. Occupying the whole of Ukraine by the Germans, they were still heroic, their protégé, Hetman Skoronad, was still sitting in his MBETB, but for some reason the lfmians themselves had lost their pleasant life. The Bolsheviks understood this and rose up. But the Ukrainians, the Petayurites, the Makhnovists, and the Grigorievites began to worry about the Bolsheviks. It was not without allies, who obviously themselves do not understand anything in the political game, then and there, muddle the cards. In Odessa, there was nothing to fly the French squadron, and in Nikolaev, quietly and smoothly, as in an operetta, rocking an English destroyer. The poor Nikolaevites have finally lost their heads. No longer taking care of either the Germans, or the French squadron, or even the English destroyer (so why should he know what he likes in bad weather), the Nikolaev City Public Administration, under the pressure of the anxiety of the inhabitants, began to think about organizing! self defense. If we take into account that in Nikolaev there were three thousand officers who were also in self-defense, then it would seem that it would be better to arrange this in mutual interests. With this event, meetings of all former officers were arranged, who, of course, agreed to co-organize and take over the defense of Nikolaev

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or conditional on the support of their public administration by appropriate, ensuring their existence, means. Unfortunately, on this basis, endless discussions began. Agreeing in principle with the need to use officer-

stovstvo, kats military organized force, and to provide funds for this, Gorodekoe Self-Government began to bargain and in horseback horseback offered decidedly unacceptable conditions. Poslya, the city paid dearly for its excessive economy. Since the children of the refusal of officers, various rabble went to the city self-defense. Gathered from the unemployed, people without a name and calling, yanits and parasites, organized and armed, this rabble began to inspire residents with serious fear. Doing nothing during the windy days, self-defense only drunkenly rampaged and arranged nightly riots. The officers were not left without a dfla. By order of the Hetman, Nikolayev began to form an officer regiment. Officers were called to the position of privates. Since the Hetman actually no longer had any power, only the one who hotBl showed up. Tfm not less aware of the need to organize in front of the impending danger forced almost all the officers to come to the iris and again take up arms. The regiment organized on the basis of the commanders and commanders of the former arm, but since there were only officers instead of soldiers who were taught something, the commander of the regiment positively knew what to do with us. AND." Yo V

We became privates and settled in the barracks, but for the sake of some kind of occupancy, we whiled away the time playing chess or screw. Giving an appearance, we sometimes lined up at the command of the platoon, made turns, gun moves, but of course we could not treat this as serious

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amusing. The most unpleasant thing, of course, was to spend the night in the barracks, but gradually this did not become obligatory, and most of the officers came to the barracks only to catch up with the news. In general, our weed: it didn't seem to us serious. We still remained Russian officers and could not be Ukrainians. The fact that we were Hetmans and not Petliurists was purely accidental for us. We did not have any convinced supporters of this or that party. But a non-tweaker approached Nikolaev, and we prepared to sing him, although we did not know at all who this non-tweaker was. There was no strife among us, and we, like everything else, fed on various small-town rumors, in which there were a lot of nonsense. But fakg bya tog that gdf something, though far away, nushki rumbled. Rumors circulated that the Bolsheviks had occupied Kherson and were marching on Nikolaev, that the Petliurists were advancing on Nikolaev and were driving the Bolsheviks out of Kherson. They finally said that Makhno was advancing on one side, and Grigoriev on the other, and that there would be a fight going on between them. Our word is in two dozen languages. Lee: no. .

There was no possibility of this confusion of sensational rumors, and the Germans only increased the confusion, declaring that they would not allow the slightest "disorder" into the city, but for some reason at the same time removed all cannons and machine guns. At the most appropriate moment, when the enemy had already approached "In the drink" (10 miles from Nikolaev), we received an update from No. Mev that our pan hetman was no longer a pan, and not a hetman, and that safdovatelno we have become some kind of international army. Between TBm at the railway station Nikolayev had a completely anecdotal about

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incident. From the Vodopoy station to the steam engine, obviously seized, but it is not known from whom, two hefty guys came and demanded the head of the railway department, engineer 3. They were escorted to the office, and then a significant conversation took place between them:

"Will you be the eldest here?" - Sirosil one of them is an engineer.

— I, what do you say?

"So why do we want to know who is at your edye Nikolaev?"

- Yes, it seems, still no one - phlegmatically from the first engineer.

- Well, we took Nikolayev.

- Take it!

- Nua gdb zdBe phone, is it possible to talk over with Vodopoem?

- Can.

The engineer connected the wire, called and handed the phone over to the conqueror, but since the posad was obviously using the telephone for the first time and, putting his ear to the runor, was going to speak into the ear tube, the engineer had to give him the proper instructions.

Some p
Matyug.

"So tell Grigor that we took Niko laev!" - said the conqueror, no matter what. So, nothing more ... it means they took it and nothing more!

It was obviously very difficult for the conqueror, out of habit, to speak on the telephone, much more difficult than to take Nikolaev, because, having lifted the receiver, he breathed a sigh of relief.

- Is it possible to get drunk somewhere? - siroenan he.

He drank a large mug of water and went on the same steam locomotive.

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Finally, we decided to act. This morning we were all gathered in the barracks, and we were given cartridges. Artialer! I (we had 4 guns) went out to the positions with the defense of the city. The NFMCs yelled and convinced us that we were worrying for nothing. As a matter of fact, in the whole city, the commander of the port, Admiral R.K., rested more than ever without rest. On the eve of the day, he ordered the adoption of all measures to Ogetvu and transported his family, numerous luggage, a governess and a lap dog with this transport. Wellfd for the admiral, of course, spfshno began to occupy the warm meta of the vef, who are natny and visible. I say "teiliya mfeta" because there were only a few cabins on the transport, and everything else was coal pits. Some of the inhabitants continued to flirt with the n\$mtsam and spit an English destroyer and kept "neutrality". We, the officers, sat in our barracks in complete ignorance of what was going on in the city (even less what was happening around it) and awaited further orders.

About 8 tea. vech. it turned out that the NFMs had already officially declared neutrality, and the angry destroyer seemed to have accidentally fired several cannon shots and fell silent.

At 10 tea. vech. our artillery opened fire on Vodopoya. At twelve o'clock, the commander of the regiment came to us and, having announced that the Petliurists were approaching the city, ordered us to take up positions. Position these, as I found out later, were in the center of the city. Our regiment set up a fence around the Port and the main part of the city with the sole purpose of preventing the safe landing on the transport of all Nikolaev bureaucrats, who carried not only hand luggage, but even furniture.

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I hit a number of five left to guard the barracks.

I remember how agonizingly hard it was to sit in the semi-darkness of the distant empty barracks and settle down at the sparsely fired cannons. Two or three hours of agonizing idleness passed. The guns were silent. I went out onto the porch of the barracks and began to listen. All was quiet in Brugom. Where are ours? What's up with them? Is it really all over and everyone is gone, forgetting us all alone in these terrible barracks? Having returned, I heard in a dark corner of our barracks, crying and seeing little children: a boy of about five and a little girl of about seven. These were the children of our cook, who had been drinking and for two days had gone nowhere. The children huddled in that corner under the lunchbox and fed on the remnants of our meals.

- It's scary ... where is dad? the little girl asked when she saw me.

- Napa come! Do not Cry! Go to bed! I replied. - There is nothing to be afraid of! You see, I am guarding with a gun so that no one offends you.

The girl looked at me with inquisitive eyes.

- It's dark ... why do you need to fly?

"Nothing, don't be afraid... The soldiers are learning to play and now everyone is coming here." Let's go, I'll put you on the bed ... there it's easy and not scary ...

I led them into the office, laid them on the clerk's bed, covered them with clothes and ordered them to sleep. But the dbti did not sleep and all the time they followed me with gases. They did not understand, but felt that in the unusual silence of the barracks there was something terrible, eerie! Terrible not only for them, but for me.

I heard voices and went out to find out. Tue, Thu,

IT

damn. Several officers came and spfshno took away his things.

— What happened?

- Petayurovtsy in the city! The artillerymen abandoned their cannons and rode on horseback to the transport port. Vef vaasti have been sitting on the ferry since morning...

- And where are ours?

"Our people are guarding the landing, but most of them have already abandoned their rifles and are running around the apartments!"

- So we retreat ... but where?

- Ordered to get on the transport ... But whatever you want, you can stay.

The officers took their belongings and hurriedly left. What was to be done to us?

Was it possible to shave off the officers, and should we leave the entire barracks with all our property to be plundered without receiving an order for this? We were determined to fulfill our duty to the end.

After that, a few more officers came and confirmed the sad news. But we haven't received any orders yet, and I didn't care to admit that we could be completely forgotten. Only when rifle shots rang out in the city itself, let us go! The entire barracks with all the property of the officers remained plundered by the gangs. I went into the office to pick up at least our lists, prints, and cash receipts. I was so busy sewing that I even forgot about the dftah, and only when I was already going out did I see them, pounding them in horror into a corner. They realized that they were going to leave and they would be left alone in these huge dark barracks for the whole night!

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I approached them, trying to be calm. deceived them.

"We'll all come right now... don't be afraid!"

No one will touch you, and in the morning I will bring you dad!

I heard how they began to cry, but I could no longer return to them.

This heavy picture left me with a painful impression for a long time, as if it was the most terrible thing that we had done during our panic attack.

Firing was already going on in the city, and therefore we had to go round and down, along the banks of the Ingul. In complete darkness, constantly stumbling along the steepness of the winding coast, we hardly reached the transport.

All of our people were already there and somehow spread out in the coal pits. The Web were outraged. The Vef understood that we didn't even defend the cities anymore, but simply played the role of guarding the bureaucrats, which meant the opportunity to safely get on transport with all our property, and most of us lost our everyday things and didn't even have the opportunity to warn our families about our disappear! and.

We didn't receive any messages from Odessa and didn't know at all where we were going here. The regiment commander announced that he was completely unfazed by the general position of the army, and therefore, whoever wants, can remain in Nikolaev at his own peril. Many have defiantly decided to leave the dirty coal-miner and make their way into the city alone.

All through the night, we left Nikolaev with an unfolding. Our panic attack was osmfyano by the inhabitants of Nikolaev. In the city

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Indeed, about fifty Petdyurites entered, but apart from a few robberies of abandoned apartments, carried out by "self-defense", everything was calm in the city. The inhabitant who woke up in the morning suddenly found himself without authorities. Vef bzhali, leaving business and property to the mercy of fate. Rifles lay all over the streets. Two cannons were thrown over the square. The unpolished horses roamed bewilderedly along the panels of the main street. At the Port Office there were piles of paper, which were carried along the windy streets. They found bags with cartridges, soldiers' sheepskin coats, military caps - in a word, a picture of complete defeat.

The wives rushed to the barracks in a panic to search for their disappeared husbands, but by six o'clock in the morning everything in the barracks was robbed clean! During the day the streets were very busy. The landmarks were in an unusually cheerful mood. They hurried to get inspired by impressions and laugh at their position as an inhabitant, suddenly left completely without power. Each asked the other with a smile: "What are we going to do now without a head?" A truly extraordinary incident |

And the "authorities" slowly, dblyaya at 4 knots per hour, drove to Odessa.

The officers, exhausted by the unseasoned night, cold and hungry, sat in the dark, dirty hold,

at the coal heaps and with indignation they looked at the cabin passengers, to whom the cook carried out hot dishes, and who, on top of that, had a lot of all sorts of snacks and wines. We arrived in Ochakov only in the evening and therefore were forced to stay all night on the roadstead, and Admiral R.K. forbade even the officers to go ashore for food, in the wake of which we were all starving

Ustinov: Zapieki. 8

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It was still a wicked day, and they did not reach Odeesa. We stopped on the raid as a precaution, not knowing what was going on in Odessa. R. K. on the boat shall take care for information. After tea, he returned very embarrassed and announced that the Petliurists were in the city. (TB same Petliurovtsy, from which we bzhali). As in Odeee, so in Nikolaev everything is calm, and we can, if we want, go ashore or return to Nikolaev. The whole port of reality would be declared a French zone and guarded by both the French and volunteers.

Leaving the Port, at first we walked with caution, but as soon as we entered the main streets, we saw that there was no oil! worry. Everything was quiet in the city. The streets were full of walking people. In Robin's and Fanconi's café all the tables were occupied. Veyuda was roamed about by officers in uniform and without them.

I had a quiet supper at a restaurant and went to my acquaintances, knowing that I would find the night to go to bed. The Vef were surprised by our arrival and did not understand our panic attack. Admiral R.K. was subsequently held accountable for leaving Nikolaev without sufficient grounds, but it seems that the past was pardoned, although quite osmfyan for his stupidity. Very much the next morning on a passenger steamer you went back to Nikolaev. We, the officers, gathered the next morning for transport. Thanks to the vouchers sent by me and the quickness of our treasurer, who took a cash box with him, we were given a salary for the weight of the time served. Zatfm the commander of the regiment announced that we are free and can do whatever we want. Many expressed their desire to enter the Volunteer Arya, and there were conversations. how is it edf

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where to go and where to go. I decided to take off my military uniform until the details were clarified and, having turned into a peaceful citizen, settle in a hotel. I thought that now I was forever parted from military service ... but this time I was mistaken.

On the very next day, a crack came across the city. Petayurovtsy opened fire on the port. Volunteers in the Navy with the French troops answered them. In the morning it was all over, virochem. The Petlyu rovers left in the unknown: the direction, and in Odessa a new period began. Perud of the French occupier and the Volunteer Army.

TRAV Ve K.

At the head of the united allied forces in Odessa vetal Anselm. Commander of the Volunteer Army of the Odessa District - Grishin-Almazov.

From all sides, from all cities, officers began to gather in Odeesa. Parts were formed, headquarters were formed. Contact was established with General Denikin. More and more allied troops arrived in Odessa. In large numbers they landed at Odessa and solemnly defiled the Senegalese regiments with music. All of Odessa was literally crowded with allied troops, and the united allied squadron proudly flaunted on the raid.

Odessa revived and began to live the life of a triumphant bourgeoisie. Restaurants opened, cafes, chantans, theaters, especially clubs, and even bars began to operate. The officers dressed up, and again their new epaulets shone.

Somehow, walking along Deribasovskaya Street, I winded Admiral F. He was at that time the Commander of the Naval Defense Corps. He offered MNF to serve at his headquarters as an officer for assignments. I agreed and the next day I again put on my military uniform.

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In spite of the tenth, however, which seemed to speak for Odeesa's safety, disturbing rumors were constantly circulating in the city of B. The non-successive position of Odessa, torn off, was felt. all other Russia and surrounded from all sides. various gangs. Again they started talking about the approach of the Bolsheviks, Petlyura, Grigoriev and Makhno,

all the same terrible ghosts that gave peace to this "Odessa.

Odessa reminded me of a wartime fortress, where people rush to live and have fun, without regard for the duration of their happiness. And the dead circle around Odessa was already closing, the life was feverishly boiling. TsFs quickly grew on everything, especially on wines, and from not menfe wine poured rka. Thousands and tens of thousands were circulating in restaurants, one might say jokingly. A desperate game of chance was going on in the clubs. The clubs were constantly raided; but this did not frighten or dampen the excitement of the players. The counter-intelligence, which had already taken on a different character, cruelly treated the Bolsheviks. Secret self-organized organizations appeared, which fought against the Bolsheviks, in addition to any court order, tearing them to the outskirts of the city and leaving the dead bodies abandoned. The bandits carried out their sly raids with impunity, creating tsfly legends around themselves. But Odessa had fun. In the London hotel, requisitioned by the Iflikom for the headquarters and its rice, revelry went on around the clock. Nikolaev is already a reality to be taken by the Bolsheviks. Grigoriev approached Odessa and demanded the food of the city, sending out rude ultimatums. In the city, they were talking intensely about approaching! Bolsheviks, but no one even wanted to think that Odessa could be taken with so many allied troops present. At the beginning of March 1919

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I somehow brought in my old former counter-intelligence officer, who now worked in the counter-intelligence brigade at the headquarters. Fully trusting MnB, as to his former boss, he flirted with me with his considerations, to which I would never attach any significance if I did not know him for a very positive person, who was not liking to talk trifles.

"Do you know," he said, "that the Bolsheviks will be the Bolsheviks in Odessa ?!"

I made a surprised face.

- So soon?

"Yes, perhaps even an ekorfe," he replied sternly. - And to take Odessa, not the Bolsheviks, who are now approaching Odessa, but those who are now far away. They already have everything. The main headquarters was formed, commissars were appointed and special positions were distributed.

I smiled involuntarily.

- How are they blayut, when there are about forty thousand troops in Odessa?

The troops will leave when necessary. Aneelm to give a large bribe ... Odessa is still worth something.

- Well, emo already too much. Your counter-time vfdka went too far. Who can give this bribe, where will the Bolsheviks get millions 2

- Yes, the Bolsheviks have nothing to do with it. Tut ra ootayut masons.

- And ... willows in Brita, too, in mayontvo and sonesh protocols?

- I believe, I don't believe it, but that someone needs Odessa to be handed over to the Bolsheviks - it's true. You know, Rosai is ruled by some dark forces. The Bolsheviks are scum, nonentities. They have passed ifs in the hands of the strong of this world ... and who are these

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arbiters of fate - but I know. This is a difficult question ... a question of chiral politics, or there is no doubt about it. I will only tell you one thing, that the medical faculty for Odessa has already been completed. Do you know the cinematographic actress Vera Kholodnaya? She played the role of a broker and did not die at all from an abortion, but because she was poisoned. Oh, the dark forces are working.

I parted with him with a heavy feeling. The abandonment of Odessa by the allied troops of the MNB seemed to be an absurdity, an inexplicable absurdity, unless, of course, it was treachery and bribery. But to allow such a betrayal? Is it possible to? And by whom? Soyuznikov! Is it conceivable?

It's been a few days. Everything was calm, and even the disturbing rumors subsided. We were sitting at headquarters and just bored. There was no work, and there could not be. Why there was a naval defense corps, when the whole sea was limited to giving us one port, where the allied squadron stood, was incomprehensible to me. Corps commander Admiral F. ufkhal to Denikin, and we all understood that he would not return. Fulfilling his position, General R., convinced that the corps would soon cease its unnecessary existence, only occasionally went to the headquarters, and then for a minute. I had to while away the time in peaceful conversations, moreover, I was more interested in the question of new increases in cost and increased daily allowances.

Much was also occupied with the new appointee, General Schwartz, to whom all power was allegedly transferred, and from whom new major transformations were expected. Our wanderlust was interrupted by the arrival of a colonel of the General Staff, who, living nearby, often came to us to feed on the news. Apparently he was

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I was very surprised to see all of us at the headquarters in a quiet and regular inactivity.

It also happened that when he entered, the chief of staff, A., put his head in his hands and closed his eyes, as if he were dozing.

- And the staff sleep peacefully! said the Colonel, greeting Vofmi.

The chief of staff raised his head and, smiling said:

— No, I think.

“Well, think, think ... but do you know that the French are leaving Odessa, and that an evacuation has been appointed at 48 o'clock?”

If a bomb had suddenly exploded at our headquarters, then we would not have been so shocked! We positively froze with our mouths open in the fire of surprise.

“The Naval Headquarters is already in bed,” the colonel added. “Now everyone is giving out eva kuatsonny for six months of salary.

No, it was really indestructible: it's possible that the headquarters of the naval defense corps, headed by their chief, slumber peacefully and don't know anything about what happens after a few quarters of it in the main sea camp!

The chief of staff did not hesitate to pick up the telephone, so as not to get into a stupid position with an unimpressive request.

And what? Indeed, the main headquarters was informed that the order had already been sent to us, and that all orders had been sent for the evacuation.

Ye stone of order!!

Only the next day, after a long ordeal and a terrible bustle of the chief of staff, all the trouble

which was still hampered by the fact that the main headquarters, having already received the money and taken away their things,

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moved to the steamer, we managed to find out that for the entire naval defense corps some kind of coal miner was left, an old ruined barge, which stood somewhere in the roadstead and did not have the opportunity to approach the pier in the absence of cars and coal. When our officers of a different personal initiative nevertheless found this barge, it turned out that even if we had got a boat and taken it to the boat in the sea, it would have instantly sunk. It was already too late to revolt, to protest, to demand, because the steamboats were already occupied by the highest ranks with their families, and there was no longer any power in the city. The appropriations for evacuation money were clearly drawn out ... but even that was already nostalgic. The Treasury was taken with a fight. Tons of people osaya: gave the State Bank. In order to obtain a warrant from the treasury, we had to enlist a detachment of officers who, with rifles in hand, paved the way for our treasurer. But we all understood that we would no longer receive money under this warrant.

The next day we all gathered at the headquarters in the morning and waited with a wave for the return of General R. from the state bank. We've been waiting for hours now in complete inactivity, while the events played out with the speed of a cinematic picture, and when every minute was precious to our salvation. Another 48 hours did not elapse from the moment the evacuation was announced, but in fact even these 48 hours were not at our disposal. The allies, throwing Odessa and its inhabitants as a sacrifice to the Bolsheviks, did not secure the protection of Odessa even for this nightmarish and unprovoked short period. In fact, they abandoned Odessa immediately after the announcement and evacuation, and if Odessa held out for another 24 hours, then only

Raya

That's why. that even the Bolsheviks did not expect such a thing in Brolometv, otherwise they could have upset the milestones of the remaining officers.

Anarchy has already begun in the city. Representatives of various institutions and workers' organizations arrived at the state bank with demands for money, not only with armed teams, but also with machine guns and armored cars. Robbery began in the streets, amazed at their audacity. So,

against our headquarters on Pushkinskaya st. in the center of the city, in front of hundreds of our officers crowded together, the gentleman who was leaving the banking office was attacked by some impudent brute with a revolver in his hand and began to pull out a wallet from his pocket. One of our officers, blown on the knee and limp, m \$ tkym wiped a crowbar from a rifle, killed and completely robbed.

The shots were heard on all sides. An unprecedented robbery was going on in the port. From Nikodlaevkago boulevard they were winding down those who were going into a panic on the steamers. The whole city was already in the power of the Great Vikovs. The bank of the institution was occupied by them, and at their order the state bank stopped issuing money. By evening, we learned that General R. had not received any money and had hidden himself in an unknown direction. We were abandoned, and everyone had to think about his own salvation. how hotba.

I got to my apartment, on my own, took my old notarlus passport and money, put it in my pocket. the revolver and left pompously, leaving his property and not even knowing where and why to go

Is it possible that I will put on a military uniform someday?

CHAPTER HE

The Bolsheviks entered the city. I used to see this inimitable poor old laziness in the city of the guardian. Not more than two hundred tattered and nanny Grigorievtsev, with hats on the back, with robber mugs, terrifying, walked with whooping and hooting to the sounds of the international under the large border banner of banditry. Toapa met them with shouts of cheers, unfurling red and black banners with terrible slogans of revenge and death. All of Odessa was adorned with such banners and disgusting placards, which, by their ugliness alone, could repel Bolshevism.

Here, under a heavy press, lies a thorny burh: uy, from which a worker squeezes gold. Caption: "Damned bourgeois, give back the gold that you stole from the people!"

Another cry is also chosen by the bourgeois sweeping the street, and the worker, who stands nearby and laughs maliciously.

But the whole ugliness is the reality of crying, on which the blacksmith hoisted with a heavy hammer to smash the many-headed hydra of capitalism: smashed go-

catches, knocked out brains and everything around is blood, blood ...

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A contribution of 500 million dollars was imposed on Odessa. Grigoriev threatened to demolish the whole of Odessa, if the money would not be paid in a timely manner. Thousands of bourgeois were arrested. The Bolsheviks took them in parties under escort to forced labor. Two huge buildings on Ekaterininskaya Square were occupied by the Cheka or Cheka. Razterfly began. Manifestos or solemn funerals of the victims of the revolution were organized daily. Requisitions for apartments began to be put out of the bourgeois on the street. Days of security were arranged, when the whole city was given over to plunder.

But the officers were not yet completely cut down. Vef officers were called up for registration and service with the Bolsheviks, not only as privates, but also in command positions. Many, of course, preferred to hide and live under the sing of yannym fear.

Despite their complete victory, however, the Bolsheviks did not feel secure. Far away, in the working days, they were winding up the opposition. The railroad workers kept themselves apart and in the ongoing disputes with the Soviet authorities. The resettlement of workers in the center of the city in bourgeois apartments failed. Residents of the outlying quarters, workers and everyday people, did not dare to waste their familiar meta on illusory well-being. The day of poverty was ruined by the workers themselves, who were frightened of the rake; and their apartments and abandoned their factories and craftsmen to protect their houses from bandits. The decrees of the Soztekoy power in most cases are not executed. Mobileization failed. The intellectuals of the generals and officers, filling the departments of institutions, military units and headquarters, sabotaged and waited with impatience for the arrival of volunteers. The Allies declared a blockade. Life in the port stopped. ŸŸ under

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counter-revolutionaries worked full time. A division of the Volunteer Army was formed, which spread its agents everywhere and established a line of communication with the volunteers. Headquarters officers willingly gave secret svffuya, which were deftly transferred to a volunteer destroyer stationed on the Odessa roadstead. The mass of officers who occupied responsible posts were ubfgalo with all secret documents. N \$ of them were taken by me by a carrier from the boats on which they rode

under the guise of summer residents. Others heroically swam under the bullets of the Coast Guard. The main defense of Odessa from the sea-artillery on the Bolshoi Fountain, consisting of under the command of regular artillery officers, was definitely just waiting for an opportunity to turn the guns on Odessa. There was no unity in the regional army units. The sailors did not recognize authority over themselves and ordered independently, regardless of the Sovft R. D. The commander of one sailor company terrified with his battles. For safety, he was removed from Odessa to the front, but he refused and entered into battle with the Red Army, trying to disarm his company. By linsh wish. rebels approached the road to Odessa. The Red Army soldiers sent to the front fled or ran over to the side of the Povetantsev. In Lustdorf, the uprising of the German colonists began. On the Great Fountain tan is a Jewish pogrom. Volunteers approached Nikolaev with General Slashchev in the head. Everything foretold the imminent fall of the Bolsheviks. Being in the reconnaissance detachment of the Volunteer Army, I received an order from my chief to get into Nikolaev with secret information and a plan for the defense of Odessa, to transfer them to General Slashchev immediately upon occupation of the name of Nikolaevna.

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Partly on horseback, partly on horseback, safduying more by a circuitous route through the fields and under the protection of the night, with documents hidden in the tops of my boots, I only reached Nikolaev three days later.

I found myself with my friends, hiding from them from possible danger. But Nikolaev was already on the eve of his putting on, and I did not have to wait long for his release. More wikis ran away. Throughout the night there was the sound of cars and the movement of military units. Everything rushed across the Ingul bridge to the village of Varvarovka. Outside the city was gunfire. At the wok hall, shells rumbled as they exploded. The inhabitants of the settlement, neglecting the danger, plundered the central farms with food and property of more viks. In the early morning there was a terrible explosion, from which houses shook and glass flew. These are the Bolsheviks, having crossed over the mine, they blew up the entire train with shells brought up to the bridge itself. It was their afternoon defense against the pressure of the volunteers who had already entered the city.

Joyful tunics ran out into the street to wind volunteers. The crowd followed them with cheers! The ladies threw flowers with enthusiasm. Many had tears of joy and happiness in their eyes.

The boys smashed the Bolshevik banners to pieces and tore the country banners. This is how the liberators were treated to the horrors of Bolshevism.

But there were also hard scenes. On the main street ahead of the Cossacks, a tormented woman who had just gone mad danced and rambled wildly. The Bolsheviks, leaving that night, razed her husband, an officer. The long-awaited liberation has come... The doors of the terrible zastBik of the check were opened, But it was already too late!...

RO

At the entrance to the Cheka were lying the corpses of the Chinese, the executioners of the Cheka, with their heads slashed by Cossack sabers. The crowd dreadfully avoided them and rushed further into the wide yard and dark ramparts. Blood everywhere, everywhere the smell of corpses decomposing it! Under a canopy near the stone pillar, the corpses of the martyrs freeze, celebrating the victims of the Bolsheviks. In the pits, barely covered with earth, parts of human tbl were lying. On stBnah basement lov gore and congealed brains. Everywhere horror and horror!

And there, on the banks of the Ingul, cannons rumble. NaspfkH artillery set up by volunteers to fire at the fighting Bolsheviks.

End horror! Again freedom, again hopes, new joys, new life!
Long live the Volunteer Army!

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All information about the situation in Odessa was handed over, and two weeks later a small volunteer force of 800-400 people landed at Bolishoy Fountain at night. Artillery without a shot went over to their side. The detachment moved to Odessa. The destroyer began to derail the station, where the Bolsheviks rushed in panic. The officers began to deal with their hated commissars and political committees. Odessa was taken without resistance! -

I cannot help but dwell on one circumstance which, it seems to me, played no small part in the downfall of the Volunteer Army.

Odessa was taken not so much by the volunteer army as by officers who remained in Odessa not of their own free will, but through criminal negligence.

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negligence of higher officials, at the first evacuation. Abandoned by efficient commanders, the officers were expiatory victims of the confusion of the main headquarters. All of them, innocent of anything, were forced to serve under the Bolsheviks under fear of being crushed. But their service was difficult, humiliating and morally depressing, of course, to the detriment of the Bolsheviks. The officers could not come to terms with the Bolsheviks, and all their efforts were directed towards their overthrow. The lieutenant of the general staff A. assumed the responsible post of chief of staff of the Defense of Odessa, and it was tempting to unite the remaining officers around him and save them from the persecution of the Bolsheviks. Zatzm, risking every minute, he was in constant communication with the volunteer army, giving the secret agents all the information about the situation in Odessa, and prepared it to be taken by an insignificant detachment. Knowing about the landing, Colonel A. sent the naibolf to the reliable part of the Red Army at st. Razlfanuyu. In a word, he did everything he could to overthrow the Bolsheviks, and his role in the capture of Odessa by volunteers was significant, moreover, having landed such a landing party. All the officers, led by him, contributed to his plan of overthrowing the Bolshevik power and, when the tsfl was achieved, they carried him out of the headquarters in their arms and honored him as a victor ... So what? By order of General Denikin, the vef officers left, one might say, by him in Odessa, were put on trial by the established investigative commission, which for five months, that is, until the very next arrival, the pain of the tseviks was sorted out by the work of each officer, working with them, how with an unworthy officer of a skago rank. Appear Tue, Odessa officers Dobro

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Volunteer Army attributed themselves merits that were not behind them, and considered themselves in the right to disparage tfm their comrades, who, unfortunate enough, were thrown into Odessa, but who did much more, chfm t, who took Odessa mistakenly pryevault, themselves . Thus, the Volunteer Army rejected several thousand officers, undeservedly insulting them. Even the officers who did not serve with the Bolsheviks and presented their certificates that they worked in a secret organization and carried out intelligence service, delivering the SVD! I to the Volunteer Army, but for some reason they receive

some kind of wolf certificate that there was nothing reprehensible in their activities, and that they can be re-enlisted "conditionally" in the Volunteer Army. It was outrageous!

In addition, due to the fact that all the bad officers were removed from service, and everything must

things were taken care of by an alien element, - it seems to me that order could not be established in Odeess.

First of all, a number of unauthorized counter-intelligence documents appeared in OdessaB. In the absence of the correct setting of this flag, the detached officers arrested the Bolsheviks, carried out searches, sent them to prison and even shot them. The prisons were overflowing with those arrested, but who arrested them, for what, and where their documents were, could not be found any explanation. Many of those arrested later complained that they had been arrested without any reason, robbed and sent to prison without documents, where there were many Mfeyatsevs about the Seedflies. A mass of jewels and

Usgivov ' Zcanski, b.

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money, the ownership of which he himself could not establish, since no records were kept, and even the selected documents were often destroyed to hide their identity. Sometimes a large crowd arrested some Chekist and demanded an immediate execution, not even trusting the officers and fearing that the irresponsible chiefs of unauthorized counter-intelligence for a bribe would release criminals. The executioner Cheka, an old wrestler, a Negro, seized by a crowd, was saved with difficulty from lynching.

The port formed its own counter-intelligence. You \$zd from Odessa was banned without special permission. Thousands of people who accidentally got stuck in Odessa during the last evacuation, tried to return home and besieged the ships, but the counter-intelligence with arms in hand did not let the unfortunate. The institution that issued exit permits, without giving any specific information, without any reason, delayed their issuance of two or three nedfl, and even then not without cost. More quick-witted paid immediately counter-intelligence on the steam

move and thus avoided vain long ordeals. They paid hundreds and thousands, finding that it was profitable to live in Odessa. The port counter-intelligence agency thus accumulated hundreds of thousands, until finally it was itself arrested.

The counter-intelligence branch of the commander's headquarters finally formed a counter-intelligence point in Odessa. I have now received an offer to take the position of an investigator, to which I, not having lived through all the horror of Bolshevism and having a sufficient reserve of indignation against them, willingly agreed.

First of all, we had to fight self-directed counter-intelligence and unravel the huge material, delivered from them to our children.

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This material was a bunch of all sorts of disparate documents, passports, documents belonging to unknown people, old empty wallets, photographic cards, broken revolvers, etc., with the complete absence of any kind of registration areeto

bathrooms.

Counter-intelligence was besieged by a crowd that demanded information on dflam, which they didn't even have. From the prisons we constantly received complaints from the arrested, who had been sitting for two months without interrogation and bringing any charges against them. At the request of the counter-intelligence department, the head of the prison sent a list of all those arrested who were registered with the counter-intelligence department. There were over a thousand of them, and most of them we had nothing in common.

Reinforced composition of investigators. interrogated in prisons during whole days and weeks, not the name of any other material on the accusation, except for showing the arrested persons themselves. Due to the lack of data for accusing many, they had to be released and then re-arrested when there was any material in the heaps of unsorted garbage. Release: people came to the counter-intelligence office to demand their documents and money taken from them during their arrest, and of course, not receiving them, they left indignantly. Sometimes, deprived of their documents, they again fell into the hands of the Polish and were brought to counter-intelligence, where they were again released without a hitch. The counter-intelligence, busy with new current affairs that came in abundance, is simply not possible to sort out the chaos that created me. Each investigator had accumulated more than 300 important cases, he had to work day and night, and his hands dropped from stupidity.

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But besides that, in the counter-intelligence itself, due to the intricacies of the situation, it did not turn out well. The staff of employees was strengthened by mBr, increasing dl, but no appropriations for their maintenance came. The employees of the counter-intelligence did not receive a salary for more than two months. The power was not heated due to the absence of certain media for this object. The lists of uniformed employees, provided in the counter-intelligence division of the headquarters, twice disappeared from the head of the department, Colonel K. Temporarily, to cover current expenses, it was allowed to use the money of the arrested. This brought confusion to the treasury and provided an opportunity for overuse. Quite often, Nikolaev or stolen money was taken away from the arrested person, and depreciated securities were issued upon his release. Nizipe service and agents began to engage in extortion, and during searches they did not always remain impeccable. The adjutant of the head of the counter-intelligence sold to the Bolsheviks lists of all employees of the counter-intelligence for 800 thousand rubles. Popavipesya servicemen were dismissed. According to the verdict of the military court, the adjutant was shot, but the already destroyed equality could not be restored.

Bad rumors began to circulate about counter-razvodka. Voebhy formed the opinion that counter-intelligence takes bribes, arranges fictitious arrests and searches with a view to robbery, beats those arrested and has a arrest no worse than the Cheka.

There was no arrest, but there were indeed cases of beatings. Fortunately, there were few such cases. For all the time of my stay in the counter-intelligence commissariat, only once during my night duty they brought the arrested representative of the revolutionary tribunal, beaten to the blood. Beat his convoy

nye for their resistance to arrest. The arrested Irosil did not excite me, and I was specially inquired about this! I, categorically stating to me that there was no hut! There was another incident that left me with the heaviest impression. As I dozed off at night in the duty room, I heard a terrible scream in the duty officer's room. Guessing from the noise and swearing that someone was being beaten there, I decided to go out and saw a terrible picture. Two of our search officers beat two Jews bloody. One officer

the hand was bandaged with a bloody handkerchief. Physiunomi Jews and the hands of the officers were all covered in blood. With difficulty I stopped this terrible massacre. When finding out the reasons for such a nightmarish hut, it turned out that at about two o'clock in the morning, two of our officers, returning from a search, were leading the arrested person. A little before reaching the counter-intelligence, they stalked around the corner of the man's house. Almost at the same time, a light flashed, and there was a whirlwind. The officers, leaving the arrested man with two escorts, rushed to catch up with the death of them into the darkness of the university garden, opening a page on it, but led the child of darkness without a hitch, and the man would probably have disappeared. But on his misfortune, the car drove into the street and cleared the whole street. Hearing the shooting, the car stopped, and two officers sitting in it, jumping off the car, detained the criminal. With their support! And the arrested man was transferred to the counter-intelligence unit. Our officer turned out to have an outstretched hand, but he didn't even get lost in the excitement of the chase.

The officers filed a report about everything that had happened to the Chief, openly beating both of them
bathrooms.

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Just the described violin is enough to understand that the enthusiasm of the townsfolk at the meeting of the volunteers was very soon replaced by general discontent. The Bolsheviks, of course, in every possible way exaggerated all the unfavorable rumors and aroused the population against the armies. The breathtaking, ugly act of a drunken volunteer cast a shadow over the entire archipelago. Volunteers were reproached for constant drunkenness and debauchery. The restaurants and chantany cafes were indeed predominantly crowded with volunteers. "Zolotaya Rybka" is the most fashionable restaurant in the world, where champagne flowed like water, earning hundreds of thousands a day.

CHAPTER HP.

In the production of counter-intelligence, there was a block of the famous "Dora", the female executioner of the Cheka. This one dflo is bright enough to draw the horrors of the Bolshevik skago zastfnka. Dora personally destroyed 100 people and was very sorry that she did not manage to destroy even more. She was still a soviet young woman, not devoid of beauty, but vice and savagery had placed on her the indelible mark of a criminal. It was terrible to look into her eyes, in which malice and treachery

caught zvrka. By her own admission, she ruined the lives of others because they ruined her life ... In the past there was love, faith, good feelings; in the present - hatred, zaoba, despair and a thirst for revenge, endless revenge. To whom? Vefm, vefm, vBm ... to the whole Jura!

"I am not at all interested in politics," she said, and I despise the Bolsheviks, but I am with them because I hate humanity, and they make it possible to destroy it!

Dora lived in Cheka almost without going out into the street. Her whole life was phono closed by the Cheka's stfns, and what was behind them did not interest her at all. There was another world, number of joys, hopes, happiness and ayubvi. She didn't want to see all this!

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All day she suffered from an impatient expectation of some evening. Sluggish, tired, exhausted after a sleepless night, deprived of any needs of the soul, she lay on the bed with only thoughts and desires to forget herself in drunkenness and blood.

In the evening she revived. She diligently made her dress, as if she were going to a ball. Luxurious costume, colors, perfume... and most importantly, a large dose of cocaine - made her completely unrecognizable. A wonderful, charming woman appeared, with a lively youth and gaiety in her face, with excited nerves, an upliftment of spirits, with intelligent sparkling eyes, enveloping passionate, burning caresses!

A cheerful society of Chekists was waiting for her. At the conference ball, overlooking the dense inner garden of the check, a sumptuous dinner was served. They drank champagne and had fun... Flowers, fruits, bells and whistles—everything spoke of a good, merry life.

Dora drank a lot, but not hmbIBla, but only more and more and more and more came into ecstasy. From what I expected, my eyes began to sparkle like red-hot coals. There was a shiver all over the tflu. The lips are quivering from the nervous twitching... But the long-awaited motor is buzzing in the garden. His interruptions did not aggravate her frequent blows; The spirit was taken away with delight. Finally, the entire Chekiet, covered with machine-gun belts, armed to the teeth, would come and report that everything was ready. Dora squirms like an electric shock. She takes another dose of cocaine, gulps down a glass of skago champagne, grabs her revolver and sits down for a check. Nervous excitement reaches its climax. She seems

that a little more and it will be too late, she can not stand it, and the pleasure will disappear. She has only one

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looks at her victim for a second, firmly squeezes

revolver and pull the trigger ... The highest moment of sexual pleasure is coming. The victim is still writhing... Dora only looks with delight

that saturated happiness. She is still full of satisfying pleasure. But it's over. Carry away the corpse. Pleasure proshao, and heated tfo seek a new pleasure. At the sight of a new victim, the inflamed mind again raises the sexual arousal: - dene. And a new blast, a new shudder of the soul, again all the nerves are filled with some kind of ml5yuem, and the ashes shudder from the physical pleasure ...

Eclipse, as after an insanely passionate night, decline in mood and strength, fatigue from satiety, lethargy of the whole body and a feeling of disgust ... before. next night!

CHAPTER ASH.

The Volunteer Army moved steadily towards Moscow. Kharkov already take the story. They said that in Moscow the Bolsheviks were packing up their belongings and getting ready for the big day. We were convinced that on Easter we would hear the call of the Moekovsky Kremaev

sky bells.

And at the same time, in the Odessa prison, the Bolshevik press organ "Kommunist" was intensively distributed, and the State Duma was blatantly saying that by Christmas the Bolsheviks would be in Odessa. What was it, Bolshevik impudence? Ikh vBra or Awareness 2

We received official news about the bfds, about the collapse of the Red Army, about the getaway of the Bolsheviks, about the solemn meetings of the Volunteer Army in the towns conquered and liberated from the commune by the peasantry - and the underground organization, elusive for counter-intelligence, triumphed in its "Communist " I will build more vikovs and near the end of the "Denikin adventure"!

And vlrug! ... Nobody hotfl vfrit! Complete collapse, unprecedented destruction! Nightmare from-

step! It was as if a soap bubble, inflated to the extreme, suddenly burst, and its patterned beauty shimmering with iridescent hues disappeared. And immediately, in the midst of arrogant confidence - complete

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confusion. There were thousands of warriors in Odessa, and not only men felt abandoned. They no longer counted on the English and only consoled themselves with them in case of a new battle. -

As if to cheer up the fallen spirit, the military court began to eat the Bolsheviks in peace. Slashchev to disperse sixty working communists in Nikolaev at once. Sh. in a public meeting of officers solemnly declared that Odessa would not be surrendered in any case, and even swore that he would board the ship only in that case, if all the officers and their families were already safe. But all this did not reassure, but, on the contrary, it seemed to lull him into a close embrace and into the fact that PT. going to run away lane vym! It is remarkable that in Odessa there were two defense headquarters: the headquarters of the defense of the Odessa District and the headquarters of the defense of Odessa, but no one knew what the defense actually consisted of, and what its stability was.

Nobody screwed up anything. We looked suspiciously at each other and secretly prepared ourselves so as not to be taken by surprise. Foreign visas, foreign passports were secretly obtained, even citizenship was assumed. This was recognizable to her, and her anxiety and indignation vanished. The officers saluted after their superiors, suspecting them of their readiness to do things first with the assistance of the English Miss or the American Red Cross. Refugees appeared from Kherson and Nikolaev, taken by the Bolsheviks. Under Ochakovo, the firing of cannons was heard. The military units, feeling the instability of the rear, left the front without permission and filled Odessa. Looting began in the city and, at night, an incomprehensible battle went on. Everything foreshadowed the near end. |

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Strange as it may seem, but counter-intelligence, establishment

The money, which, it would seem, should know everything and be sufficiently aware, knew the least of all and anxiously listened to the news coming from nowhere. The occupations continued as before, but it felt as if the building had no foundation, and it was ready to fall apart every minute. Salvators on sibh koi chali for and handed over ph to the judge without sufficient development of the next child material. Vef vidfali that their work does not make more sense. Rumors spread that the head of the counter-intelligence department at headquarters, Colonel K., was taking large bribes and releasing prominent communications, despite the conclusions of the investigators. Several Jews with a huge stock of gold, arrested by counter-intelligence, were on the very next day of release: - detainees on his personal order. This finally convinced the Vefkh that K. was working with the Bolsheviks.

Vekor after this, Colonel K., returning at night from headquarters, was detained by a group of officers and killed in a car. The culprits have not been found, but they say that K. will be killed by officers who have provided clear evidence of his betrayal.

Officially, no evacuation was announced, but in fact it had already begun. The English Mission announced a preliminary appointment in case of evacuation. All private steamships were already chartered by various unions, societies and private individuals. Narohod "Keseshya" with the ranks of the judicial office and the money bourgeois departed for Varna. Some institutions have begun loading their property. At the market there was a bloody clash between the state gift guards and the Bolsheviks who had come out. Nfekolko people wounded and killed from both sides. Odessa agonized.

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January 22 at 9 a.m. in the evenings, all the ranks of the countert of the razvfdka were collected by the chief for information wave positions.

- All sorts of disturbing rumors go around the city, so our boss began. The Mongols are already being evacuated, convinced of the imminent fall of Odessa. Wow, this is completely unfounded. Today I was at the Commander, General PT., at the headquarters of defense, at the commandant of the city, and they assured me in our complete safety. Let panicky people leave Odessa. Without them, perhaps there will be less nonsense rumors. Sh. vouched that for ten days there would be no danger to Odessa, and this time would be quite enough to secure Odessa for the future. It's calm in the city. The commandant warned me that he found

and the state guards are quite enough to protect the city from the offensive of the mfet Bolsheviks. It is possible in English to make a preliminary record of evacuees, but this is only an explanatory meaning. In any case, the counter-intelligence will be brought to the notice in case of any change in circumstances, and in view of its special position, the military corps will be accepted for the timely evacuation of the officers and their families. In other words, there is nothing to worry about. Sh. calls Vast to a calm continuation of your work.

I tried to convince the head of the head of the office of the head of the department that, according to the intelligence and private information they had, everything was going well. The state guard is quite trustworthy. In case of evacuation, a special steamer will be at our disposal. The British and the American Red Cross offered us their cooperation. car team be

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The idea is to put us on a steamboat in case of need and load all our state and private property. The manager of the economy will have at his disposal for the same purpose a sufficient number of horses and carts. In a word, only the orchestra of music was missing.

Assembled! e, this is to an izvfetnoy degree, vezh vepo koilo. It was clear that even if Odessa fell, there was still enough time. You can still get ready. However, when we are around 11 tea. evenings came out of the counter-intelligence, then the wives were amazed by the dead silence of the city. The whole city seemed to be literally dead. Not a soul anywhere. There was also no city guard in sight. Veyudu is an eerie and strange silence for Odessa. There were not even the usual night-time shots that would wake up this dead silence.

The next day I left the house early. I needed to make some purchases. Unfortunately, I soon realized that the thousands of rubles of the volunteer army lost their purchasing power by imfyuntsya in my pocket. They did not accept them, allegedly for lack of change. Then I purposely bought for the whole thousand - they didn't accept it anyway. I realized that dflo is bad.

Arriving at the counter-razvfdka, I found only a few at the mfett. No one wanted to engage in dflo, but everyone was going to come in to fake rumors. There was another significant sign. Usually counter-intelligence was besieged by the public. hundreds

people came for all sorts of information, with petitions, for obtaining permission to pay tribute in prisons, etc. On this day, almost no one. There was an extraordinary emptiness. Most of the Sidflo investigators were in the general office, as it was tedious and difficult to sit in her cell

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alone. Everyone needed to communicate with others, afraid to miss something important, and every minute expecting extraordinary events.

About noon, we received orders from all our dflams, even with unfinished kindergarten children, to give our opinion and draw up lists of the most serious representatives of Bolshevism. The purpose of this order was to give us a lien. It was necessary to know who needed to be "liquidated" at the last minute. However, this order somehow confirmed that there was still work to be done and that there was enough time. We reluctantly dispersed to the cells and began sorting through our heaps of cases. I remember how seriously I thought about the work assigned to me. I always conscientiously refer to each dVlu. I saw myself not in the right to give any kind of shutdown without exhausting all the material. I understood that it was my duty only to collect, if possible, the entirety of the EFDBush, to develop them and to assess the activity of the accused from all sides. But to decide dflo, to solve the fate of a person, even a Bolshevik, I could not. I felt that I could not write the name of a person, knowing that by doing this I would put him in the episcopal destined to be struck without trial, I sorted it out. evil, but I knew that I would have to refuse to find suicide bombers between them.

I was in deep thought when the chief looked into my cell. This had never happened before, although my cell was the closest to his office.

"You don't know," he asked me, "are all the investigators in their cells?" "Most yes," I replied.

- Please go around the cell and ask

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let all the investigators gather in the office,

just to keep the noise out.

The last phrase of the day made me immediately understand that it was all over.

I quickly went around all the cells and lifted me upstairs to the office. Soon all the counter-intelligence service went there, but there were already few of them. They were silent while waiting. The chief came alone, not even the whirring oflami were already with him. Something terribly pitiful was precisely in the fact that at such a moment we were not smart and aware of this, as if involuntarily expressed in the 106% of the Chief, when he, circling the vefkh, sadly with his eyes, exclaimed: "Is this a vef? No one else nFt?2!"

Yes, that's all! Only a handful of people went to counter-inflight until the last minute.

,— I have to tell you some bad news! he said quite calmly. Now MNF has been telephoned from the headquarters that there is no hope for oil to save Odessa. The front is missing. Under the mandate of the city, you do not vouch for the state guards that came out of his subordinate. Tonight the city will already be in the power of the Bolsheviks. No guarantor of our security is imfatee even now. The steamboat will not be at our disposal. Everyone is given the right to be saved as he wants!

I remember how calmly we listened to this terrible statement on the web, as if we had known this for a long time. Only one ruler, the Chancellor!

- What's the matter with you M-ko? - asked the Chief
Nick. Vzd if you dissipate, so first of all me, but you see. that I am calm.

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I don't know, of course, whether this statement by the Chief was reassuring enough, but M-ko pulled himself up.

Save yourself again who can!

I came out of Counterintelligence with such an apathy towards everything that I really didn't want to do anything. So what? Hiding again, suffering, living with a new hope, joining the Enov in the revival of the Volunteer Armsh, have you eaten everything you've experienced? Where to find these forces, this v\$ru? Yes

and go for kbm? Alone again, abandoned to the whims of fate, what an unnecessary thing! Nft, this is the end, the final end!

We spent the whole night in the counter-razv6dk and burned the fire. A large fire was burning in the yard. Security did not come, and we ourselves carried the guard. Rifles were stacked around the fire. From all the cells we pulled out a heap of dfl, quickly tearing them apart in the flames of the fire. In turn, we went to the treasurer to receive a salary. It was eerie in the gloomy empty corridors. In the treasury sifshno they packed things and money of counterintelligence.

And firing was already going on in the streets, and an attack on us could be expected every minute. We were too few to defend. We can only give our lives not for nothing. That's all we could count on.

But the night went well for us. There was a robbery in the city. Corpses were lying in the port, which no one had cleaned up. We loaded the property onto wagons and, under guard, took it to the port to the steamer. For a long time we were not welcome anywhere because of the absence of m5et, and only in the evening did we manage to get settled on different steamships.

Ustinov: Notes, 10

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We withdrew when the Bolsheviks had already begun to open the port. The public threw themselves on the steamers in a panic. It was a terrible picture, and I don't have the strength to paint it.

Odessa slowly began to move away and hide in the misty distance. Save me! But could you feel joy? Wouldn't it be better to die so as not to see the horror, not to feel the death of the Great Rosesh!

Serbia,
Tyuudl 1922,

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